THE GREATEST National Weekly Newspaper IN THE UNITED STATES

TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

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FOUNDED IN 1836. TOLEDO, OHIO, THURSDAY, JUNE 23, 1910. SEVENTY-FIFTH YEAR. NO. 25.

THE GOOSE GIRL

A Romantic Story By HAROLD MacGRATH

Author of *The Man on the Box, The Lure of the Mask, etc.*

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CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

Gretchen, undetermined whether she was waking or dreaming, followed the princess. She was serenely unafraid, to her own great wonder. Who could describe her sensations as she passed through marble halls, up marble staircases, over great rugs so soft that her step faltered? Her wooden shoes made a clatter whenever they left the rugs, but she stepped as lightly as she could. She heard music and voices presently, and the former she recognized. As her highness entered the Bijou Theater, the Herr Direktor stopped the music. In the little gallery, which served as the royal box, sat several ladies and gentlemen of the court, the grand duke being among them. Her highness nodded at them brightly.

"Good morning, Herr Direktor."

"Good morning, your highness."

"I have brought you a prima donna," touching Gretchen with her whip.

The Herr Direktor showed his teeth; her highness was always playing some jest.

"What shall she sing in, your highness? We are rehearsing The Bohemian Girl."

The chorus and singers on the little stage exchanged smiles.

"I want your first violin," said her highness.

"Anton!"

A youth stood up in the orchestral pit.

"Now, your highness?" said the Herr Direktor.

"Try her voice."

And the Herr Direktor saw that she was not smiling. He bade the violinist to draw his bow over a single note.

"Imitate it, Gretchen," commanded her highness; "and don't be afraid of the Herr Direktor or of the ladies and gentlemen in the gallery."

Gretchen lifted her voice. It was sweeter and mellower than the violin.

"Again!" the Herr Direktor cried, no longer curious.

Without apparent effort Gretchen passed from one note to another, now high, now low, or strong or soft; a trill, a run. The violinist, of his own accord, began the jewel song from Faust. Gretchen did not know the words, but she carried the melody without mishap. And then, I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls. This song she knew word for word, and ah, she sang it with strange and haunting tenderness! One by one of the musicians dropped their instruments to their knees. The grand duke in the gallery leaned over the velvet-buffered railing. All realized that a great voice was being tried before them. The Herr Direktor struck his music-stand sharply it was enough.

"Your highness has played a fine jest this day. Where does madame your guest sing, in Berlin or Vienna?"

"In neither," answered her highness, mightily gratified with Gretchen's success. "She lives in Dreiberg, and till this morning I doubt if I ever saw her before."

The Herr Direktor stared blankly from her highness to Gretchen, and back to her highness again. Then he grasped it. Here was one of those moments when the gods make gifts to mortals.

"Can you read music?" he asked.

"No, Herr," said Gretchen.

"That is bad. You have a great voice, Fraulein. Well, I shall teach you. I shall make you a great singer. It is hard work."

"I have always worked hard."

"Good! Your highness, a thousand thanks! What is your name?" to Gretchen. She told him. "It is a good name. Come to me Monday at the opera and I shall put you into good hands. Some day you will be rich, and I shall become great because I found you."

Then, with the artist's positive indifference to the presence of exalted blood, he turned his back upon the two young women and roused his men from the trance.

"So, Gretchen," said her highness, when the two came out again into the garden, "you are to be rich and famous. That will be fine."

"Thanks, highness, thanks! God grant the day to come when I may be of service to you!" Gretchen kissed the hands of her benefactress.

"Whenever you wish to see the gardens," added the princess, "the gates will be open for you."

As Gretchen went back to the Krumerweg her wooden shoes were golden slippers and her rough homespun, silk. Rich! Famous! She saw the opera ablaze with lights, she heard the roll of applause. She saw the horn of plenty pouring its largess from the fair sky. Rainbow dreams! But Gretchen never became a prima donna. There was something different on the knees of the gods.

CHAPTER X.

Affairs of State.

The grand duke stamped back and forth with a rumble as of distant thunder. He would search the very deeps of this matter. He was of a patient mold, but this was the final straw. He would have his revenge if it upset the whole continent. They would play with him, eh? Well, they had loosed the lion this time. He had sent his valet to summon her highness and Herbeck.

"And tell them to put everything else aside."

He kneaded the note in his hand powerfully. It was anonymous, but it spoke clearly like truth. It had been left with one of the sentries, who declared that a small boy had delivered it. The sender remained undiscoverable.

His highness had just that hour returned from the military field. He was tired; and it was not the psychological moment for a thing like this to turn up. Had he not opposed it for months? And now, having surrendered against his better judgment, this gratuitous affront was offered him! It was damnable.

He smote the offending note. He would soon find out whether it was true or not. Then he flung the thing violently to the floor. But he realized that this burst of fury would not translate the muddel, so he stooped and recovered the missive. He laughed, but the laughter had a grim Homeric sound. War! Nothing less. He was prepared for it. Twenty thousand troops were now in the valley, and there were twenty thousand reserves. What Franz Josef, of Austria, or William, of Prussia, said did not amount to the snap of his two fingers. To avenge himself of the wrongs so long endured of Jugendheit, to wipe out the score with blood! Did they think that he was in his dotage, to offer an insult of this magnitude? They should see; aye, that they should; It did not matter that the news reached him through subterranean channels or by treachery; there was truth here, and that sufficed.

"Enter!" he cried, as some one knocked on the door.

Herbeck came in, as calm, as imperturbable as ever.

"Your highness sent for me?"

"I did. Why the devil couldn't you have left well enough alone? Read this!" flinging the note down on his desk.

Herbeck picked it up and worked out the creases. When he had read to the final word, his hand, even as the duke's, closed spasmodically over the stiff paper.

"Well?" The query tingled with rage.

The answer on the chancellor's lips was not uttered. Hildegarde came in. She blew a kiss at her father, who caught the hand and drew her toward him. He embraced her and kissed her brow.

"What is it, father?"

Herbeck waited.

"Read," said the duke.

As the last word left Herbeck's lips, she slipped from her father's arms and looked with pity at the chancellor.

"What do you think of this, Hildegarde?"

"Why, father, I think it is the very best thing in the world," dryly.

"An insult like this?" The duke great rigid. "You accept it calmly, in this fashion?"

"Shall I weep and tear my hair over a boy I have never seen? No, thank you. I was about to make known to you this very evening that I had reconsidered the offer. I shall never marry his majesty."

"A fine time!" The duke's hand trembled. "Why, in God's name, did you not refuse when the overtures were first made? The truth, Herbeck, the whole truth; for there is something more than this."

Herbeck, in few words and without evasion, explained the situation.

"Your highness, the regent is really not to blame, as his majesty had given him free rein in the matter; and his royal highness, working as I have been for the best interests of the two countries, never dreamed that the king would rebel. All my heart and all my mind have been working toward this end, toward a greater peace and prosperity. The king has been generous enough to leave the publicity in our hands; that is to say, he agrees to accept the humiliation of being rejected by her serene highness."

"That is very generous of him!" said the duke sarcastically. "Send for Ducwitz."

"Ducwitz, your highness?" cried the chancellor, chilled.

"Immediately!"

"Father!"

"Must I give an order twice?"

"Your highness, if you call Ducwitz I shall surrender my portfolio to you." The chancellor spoke without anger, quietly but firmly.

"Do so. There are others to take up your work." The duke, for the moment, had thrown reason to the winds. Revenge, the clamor of revenge, was all the voice he heard.

The chancellor bowed, turned to leave the room, when Hildegarde flew to the duke's side and snatched at his sleeve.

"Father, you are mad!"

"At least I am master in Ehrenstein. Herbeck, you will have the kindness to summon General Ducwitz."

"Your highness," replied Herbeck, "I have worked long and faithfully in your service. I cannot recollect that I ever asked one personal favor. But I do so now. Do not send for Ducwitz tonight. See him in the morning. This is no time for haste. You will throw the army into Jugendheit, and there will follow a bloody war. For I have to inform you that the prince regent, recognizing the false position he is in, has taken the ram by the horns. His troops are already bivouacked on the other side of the pass. This I learned today. He will not strike first; he will wait for you."

"I will have my revenge!" stubbornly.

"Father, listen to me. I am the affronted person; I, I alone, have the right to say what shall be done in the matter. And I say to you if you do these cruel things, dismiss his excellency and bring war and death to Ehrenstein, I will never forgive you never, never! You are wrong, wrong, and I, your daughter, tell you so frankly. Leave it to me. There will be neither war nor humiliation."

As the duke gazed at her the wrath gathering in his throat receded and his admiration grew. His daughter! She was a princess, indeed, as she stood there, fearless, resolute, beautiful. And her very beauty gave recurrence to his wrath. A fool of a king he was, a fool of a king!

"My dear child," he said, "I have suffered too much at the hands of Jugendheit. It was my daughter the first time; it is my honor now," proudly.

"Will it balance war and devastation?" the girl asked quietly. "Is it not pride rather than honor? The prince regent made a pardonable blunder. Do not you, my father, make an unpardonable one. The king is without blame, for you appeal to his imagination as a man who deeply wronged his father. I harbor no ill-feeling against him or his uncle, because I look at the matter from an impersonal point of view; it was for the good of the state. Th's blunder can be undone; therefore it is not wise to double it, to make it irreparable."

"A Portia to the judgment!" said the chancellor, his eye kindling. "Let it all rest upon my shoulders. I alone am to blame. It was I who first suggested the alliance. We all have dreams, active or passive, futile or purposeful. My ambition was to bring about a real and lasting peace. Your highness, I have failed signally. There is nothing to do now but to appoint my successor." All the chancellor's force and immobility of countenance gave way, and he looked the broken man.

Notwithstanding that he was generally hasty, the duke was a just man. In his heart of hearts he understood. He offered his hand, with half a smile; and when he smiled he was a handsome old man.

"You are bidding me farewell, your highness?" said Herbeck.

"No, Count. I would not let you go for half my duchy. What should I do without your solid common sense? No; remain; we are both of us too old to quarrel. Even a duke may be a fool sometimes."

Herbeck laid his cold hand upon the duke's. Then he went over to her highness and kissed her hand gratefully, for it was truly at her feet the wreath of victory lay.

"Highness," he said softly, "you are the fairest, finest princess in the world, and you shall marry when you will."

"And where?"

"I would that I could make it so. But there is a penalty for being placed so high. We can not change this unwritten law."

"Heaven did not write it," she replied.

"No, my daughter," said the duke. "Man is at the bottom of all the kinks and twists in this short life; not Heaven. But Herbeck is right; you shall marry when you will."

She sprang into his arms and kissed him. It was, however, a traitorous kiss; for she was saying in her heart that now she would never marry.

Herbeck's eyes wandered to the portrait over the fireplace. It was the girl's mother.

The knock of the valet was again heard.

"Your Highness, there is a young woman, a peasant, who desires to speak to her serene highness."

"Where is she?" asked the duke.

"She is outside, your Highness."

"What! She enters the place without any more trouble than this?"

"By my orders, father," said Hildegarde, who gathered that this privileged visitor must be Gretchen of the Krumerweg. "Admit her."

"Truly we are becoming socialists," said the duke, appealing to Herbeck, who replied with his usual grim smile.

Gretchen was ushered in. Her throat was a little full as she recognized the three most important persons in the grand duchy. Outwardly she was composed. She made a curtsy to which the duke replied with his most formal bow of state. The sparkle of amusement was in his eyes.

"The little goose-girl!" he said half-audibly.

"Yes, Highness." Gretchen's face was serious and her eyes were mournful. She carried an envelope in her hand tightly.

"Come to me, Gretchen," said the princess. "What is it?"

Gretchen's eyes roamed undecidedly from the duke to Herbeck.

"She is dead, Highness, and I found this letter under her pillow."

It was Herbeck's hand that took the envelope. But he did not open it at once.

"Dead?" Hildegarde's eyes filled.

"Who is dead?" demanded the duke.

"Emma Schultz, father. Oh, I know you will forgive me for this deception. She has been in Drieberg for a month, dying, and I have often stolen out to see her." She let her tears fall unrestrained.

The duke stared at the rug. Presently he said: "Let her be buried in consecrated ground. Wrong or right, that chapter is closed, my child, and I am glad you made her last moments happy. It was like you. It was like your mother. What is in the letter, Herbeck?"

Herbeck was a strong man; he was always far removed from tears; but there was a mist over the usual clarity of his vision. He ripped down the flap. It was only a simple note to her serene highness, begging her to give the enclosed banknotes to one Gretchen who lived in the Krumerweg. The notes represented a thousand crowns.

"Take them, little goose-girl," said the duke; "your ship has come in. This will be your dowry."

An icy shiver ran up and down Gretchen's spine, a shiver of wonder, delight, terror. A thousand crowns! A fortune!

"Hold out your hand," requested Herbeck. One by one he laid the notes on the goose-girl's hand. "This is only a just reward for being kind and gentle to the unfortunate."

"And I shall add to it another thousand," said Hildegarde. "Give them to me, father."

In all, this fortune amounted to little more than four hundred dollars; but to Gretchen, frugal and thrifty, to whom a single crown was a large sum, to her it represented wealth. She was now the richest girl in the lower town. Dreams of kaleidoscopic variety flew through her head. Little there was, however, of jewels and gowns. This vast sum would be the buffer between her and hunger while she pursued the one great ambition of her life—music. She tried to speak, to thank them, but her voice was gone. Tears sprang into her eyes. She had the power to do no more than weep.

The duke was the first to relieve the awkwardness of the moment.

"Count, has it not occurred to you that we stand in the presence of two very beautiful young women?"

Herbeck scrutinized Gretchen with care; then he compared her with the princess. The duke was right. The goose-girl was not a whit the inferior of the princess. And the thing which struck him with most force was that, while each possessed a beauty individual to herself, it was not opposite, but strangely alike.

The goose-girl had returned to her gloomy Krumerweg, the princess had gone to her apartments, and Herbeck to his cabinet. The duke was alone. For a long period he stood before the portrait of his wife. The beauties of his courtship trooped past him; for God had given to the grand duke of Ehrenstein that which He denies most of us, high or low, a perfect love.

"Always, always, dear heart," he whispered; "in this life and in the life to come. To love, what is the sickle of death?"

He passed on to his secretary and opened a drawer. He laid a small bundle on the desk and untied the string. One by one he ranged the articles; two little yellow shoes, a little cloak trimmed with ermine. There had been a locket, but that was now worn by her highness.

CHAPTER XI.

The Socialists.

Hermann Breunner lived in the granite lodge, just within the eastern gates of the royal gardens. He was a widower and shared the ample lodge with the undergardeners and their families. He lived with them, but signally apart. They gave him as much respect as if he had been the duke himself. He was a lonely, taciturn man, deeply concerned with his work, and a botanical student of no mean order. No comrade helped him pass away an evening in the chimney corner, pipe in hand and good cheer in the mug. This isolation was not accidental, it was Hermann's own selection. He was a man of brooding moods and there was no laughter in his withered heart, though the false sound of it crossed his lips at infrequent intervals.

He adjusted his heavy spectacles and held the note slantingly toward the candle. A note or a letter was a singular event in Hermann's life. Not that he looked forward with eagerness to receive them, but that there was no one existing who cared enough about him to write. This note left by the porter of the Grand Hotel moved him with surprise. It requested that he present himself at 5 o'clock at the office of the hotel and ask to be directed to the room of Hans Grumbach.

"Now, who is Hans Grumbach? I never knew or heard of a man of that name?"

Nevertheless, he decided to go. Certainly this man Grumbach did not urge him without some definite purpose. He laid down his pipe, reached for his hat and coat—for in the lodge he generally went about in his shirt-sleeves—and went over to the hotel. The concierge, who knew Hermann, conducted him to room ten on the entersole. Hermann knocked. A voice bade him enter. Ah, it was the German-American, whose papers had puzzled his excellency.

"You wished to see me, Herr Grumbach?"

"Yes," said Grumbach, offering a chair.

Hermann accepted the courtesy with dignity. His host drew up another chair to the opposite side of the reading table. The light overhead put both faces in a semishadow.

"You are Hermann Breunner," began Grumbach.

"Yes."

"You once had a brother named Hans."

Hermann grew rigid in his chair. "I have no brother," he replied, his voice dull and empty.

"Perhaps not now," continued Grumbach, "but you did have."

Hermann's head drooped. "My God, yes, I did have a brother! but he was a scoundrel."

Grumbach lighted a cigar. He did not offer one to Hermann, who would have refused it.

"Perhaps he was a scoundrel. He is—dead!" softly.

"God's will be done!" But Hermann's face turned lighter.

"As a boy he loved you."

"And did I not love him?" said Hermann fiercely. "Did I not worship that boy, who was to me more like a son than a brother? Had not all the brothers and sisters died but he? But you—who are you to recall these things?"

"I knew your brother; I knew him well. He was not a scoundrel; only weak. He went to America and became successful in business. He fought with the North in the war. He was not a coward; he did his fighting bravely and honorably."

"Oh, no; Hans could never have been a coward; even his villainy required courage. But go on."

"He died facing the enemy, and his last words were of you. He begged your forgiveness; he implored that you forget that black moment. He was young, he said; and they offered him a thousand crowns. In a moment of despair he fell."

"Despair? Did he confess to you the crime he committed?"

"Yes."

"Did he tell you to whom he sold his honor?"

"That he never knew. A gipsy from the hills came to him, so he said."

"From Jugendheit?"

"I say that he knew nothing. He believed that the gipsy wanted her highness to hold for ransom. Hans spoke of a girl called Tekla."

"Tekla? Ah, yes; Hans was in love with that doll-face."

"Doll-face or not, Hans evidently loved her. She jilted him, and he did not care then what happened. His one desire was to leave Dreiberg. And the gipsy brought the means and the opportunity."

"Not Jugendheit?"

"Who knows? Hans followed the band of gipsies into the mountains. The real horror of his act did not come home to him till then. Ah; the remorse! But it was too late. They dressed the little one in rags. But when I ran away from them I took her little shoes and cloak and locket."

Hermann was on his feet!

Grumbach relighted his cigar which had gone out. The smoke wavered about his face and slowly ascended. His eyes were as bright and glowing as coals. He waited. He had made the slip without premeditation; but what was done was done. So he waited.

Hermann dropped his hands on the table and leaned forward.

"Is it you, Hans, and I did not know you?"

"It is I, brother."

"My God!" Hermann sank down weakly. The ceiling spun and the gaslight separated itself into a hundred flames. "You said he was dead!"

"So I am, to the world, to you, and to all who knew me," quietly.

"Why have you returned?"

Hans shrugged. "I don't know. Perhaps I am a fool; perhaps I am willing to pay the penalty of my crime. At least that was uppermost in my mind till I learned that her highness had been found."

"Hans, Hans, the duke has sworn to hang you!"

Hans laughed. The rope is not made that will fit my neck. Will you denounce me, brother?"

"I?" Hermann shrank back in horror. "Why not? Five thousand crowns still hang over me."

"Blood-money for me? No, Hans!"

"Besides, I have made a will. At my death you will be rich."

"Rich?"

"Yes, Hermann. I am worth two hundred thousand crowns."

Hermann breathed with effort. So many things had beaten upon his brain in the past ten minutes that he was dazed. His brother Hans alive and here, and rich?

"But riches are not everything?"

"Sometimes they are little enough," Hans agreed.

"Why did you do it?" Hermann's voice was full of agony.

"Have I not told you, Hermann? There is nothing more to be added." Then, with rising passion: "Nothing more, now that my heart is blistered and scarred with regret and remorse. God knows that I have repented and repented. I went to war because I wanted to be killed. They shot me here, and here, and here, and this saber cut would have split the skull of any other man. But it was willed that I should come back here."

"My poor brother! You must fly from here at once!"

"From what?" tranquilly.

"The chancellor is suspicious."

"I know that. But since you, my brother, failed to identify me, certainly his excellency will not. I shall make no slip as in your case. And you will not betray me when I tell you that I have returned principally to find out whence came those thousand crowns."

"Ah! Find that out, Hans; yes, yes!" Hermann began to look more like himself. "But what was your part?"

"Mine? I was to tell where her highness and her nurse were to be at a certain hour of the day. Nothing more was necessary. My running away was the expression of my guilt; otherwise they would never have connected me with the abduction."

"Have you any suspicions?"

"None. And remember, you must not know me, Hermann, no matter where we meet. I am sleepy." Hans rose.

And this, thought Hermann, his bewilderment gaining life once more, and this calm, unruffled man, whose hair was whiter than his own, a veteran of the bloodiest civil war in history, this prosperous mechanic, was his little brother Hans!

"Hans, have you no other greeting?" Hermann, asked, spreading out his arms.

The wanderer's face beamed; and the brothers embraced.

"You forgive me, then, Hermann?"

"Must I not, little Hans? You are all that is left me of the blood. True, I swore that if ever I saw you again, I should curse you."

The two stood back from each other, but with arms still entwined.

"Perhaps, Hans, I did not watch you closely enough in those days."

"And what became of the principal cause?"

"The cause?"

"Tekla."

"Bah! She is fat and homely and the mother of seven squalling children."

"What a world! To think that Tekla should be at the bottom of all this tangle! What irony! I ruin my life, I break the heart of the grand duke, I nearly cause war between two friendly states—why? Tekla, now fat and homely and the mother of seven, would not marry me. The devil rides strange horses."

"Good night, Hans."

"Good night, Hermann, and God bless you for your forgiveness. Always come at night if you wish to see me, but do not come often; they might remark it."

A rap on the door startled them. Hans, a finger of warning on his lips, opened the door. Carmichael stood outside.

"Ah, Captain!" Hans took Carmichael by the hand and drew him into the room.

Carmichael, observing Hermann, was rather confused as to what to do.

"Good evening, Hermann," he said.

"Good evening, Herr Carmichael."

Hermann passed into the hall and softly closed the door after him. It was better that the American should not see the emotion which still illumined his face.

"What's the good word, Captain?" inquired Hans.

Carmichael put in a counter-query: "What was your brother doing here?"

"I have told him who I am."

"Was it wise?"

"Hermann sleeps soundly; he will talk neither in his sleep nor in his waking hours. He has forgiven me."

"For what?" thoughtlessly.

"The time for explanations has not yet come, Captain."

"Pardon me, Grumbach; I was not thinking. But I came to bring you the invitation to the military ball."

The broad white envelope, emblazoned with the royal arms, fascinated Hans, not by its resplendency, but by the possibilities which it afforded.

"Thank you; it was very good of you."

"It was a pleasure, comrade. What do you say to an hour or two at the Black Eagle? We'll drown our sorrows together."

"Have you any sorrows, Captain?"

"Who hasn't? Life is a patchwork with the rounding-out pieces always missing. Come along. I'm lonesome tonight."

"So am I," said Hans.

The Black Eagle was lively as usual; and there were some familiar faces. The vintner was there and so was Gretchen. Carmichael hailed her.

(To Be Continued.)

ROOSEVELT---SOME OF HIS ACHIEVEMENTS

IT IS scarcely justice to refer to the seven years and six months that Roosevelt was President of the United States as the Roosevelt administration. Rather, it was the Roosevelt epoch. Nearly half the time scarcely can be considered as that of Roosevelt. From September 14, 1901, until March 4, 1905, Roosevelt was carrying out inherited policies, bequeathed to him in Millburn house, in Buffalo, when he took the oath of office after the death of McKinley and promised to carry out the policies of the former chief. McKinley's policies had been twice endorsed by the nation, consequently the obligation of the new president was doubly so. He could not give the free reign to his ideas that one so different in every way from the martyred president would like to.

Though handicapped in a measure by being pledged to the policies of McKinley, Roosevelt did not long remain idle. In one of his first speeches after becoming president, on Independence Day, July 4, 1902, at Pittsburg, he used an expression that seemed to guide his whole career in the White House. The one sentence, "Words are good when backed by deeds, and only so," has been quoted innumerable times. When he left the White House he left a united country and a united party for his successor.

His greatest achievements have been along the lines of international peace, and the effects are worldwide. For this reason his administration properly can be styled an epoch in the history not only of the United States, but of the world. His work in that time mitting their claims against Venezuela to The Hague tribunal. The same month the United States entered into a convention with Great Britain to submit the Alaskan boundary dispute to arbitration. Thus early in his career as President, did Roosevelt show himself to be a man of peace, rather than the Rough Rider warrior the people knew during the Spanish-American war.

His Work for Peace.

The crowning peace achievement of the remaining days of the first administration came in October, 1904, when he took steps to assemble The Hague peace conference. The first conference seemed to be barren of results. The Russo-Japanese war intervened to delay the calling of the conference, then it was reassembled by the czar himself, but it is part of the records of the conference that the call was issued by the Czar in pursuance of the initial move taken by Roosevelt. A volume would not contain the results and benefits to this country that have accrued by reason of the second Hague conference. Before Roosevelt left office the senate had ratified 11 treaties having for their object the mitigation of the horrors of war and protection of non-combatants and had negotiated 24 arbitration treaties.

To the world at large the result of the second Hague conference resulted in the formation of the international court of arbitration, to be made up of the ablest jurists of the world. This court shall have power to decide all questions of international dispute and nations are forbidden to go to war except for causes that involve national honor. Thus at once stroke Roosevelt did more to insure the permanent peace of the world than any man before his time.

Before the calling of the second Hague peace conference, came the Russo-Japanese war, with its horrors and awful cost of life and treasure. Roosevelt, friend of both sides, found a favorable opportunity and offered his good offices to end the war. The result was the Portsmouth conference late in the summer of 1905. Then came trying days. It seemed that the peace envoys could not agree. With characteristic promptitude he appealed directly to the emperors of both countries and with the aid of the emperor

of Germany soon brought the envoys to an understanding. So important was his work in this connection considered that he was awarded the Nobel peace prize the following year.

Old Disputes Ended.

Roosevelt fell heir to that old dispute which had been hanging fire since 1818, the Newfoundland fisheries controversy with Great Britain. In 1907 he finally had it submitted to The Hague, where it is now pending, and this old trouble of almost a century seems in a fair way for final settlement.

Central American republics were also brought to a better understanding through the efforts of Roosevelt. Their petty wars and quarrels had been a source of vexation not only to the United States, but to all Europe. In December, 1907, at the invitation of Roosevelt, five republics held an international peace conference in Washington and established a joint arbitral tribunal which has averted at least one war and bids fair to make peace in that part of the continent permanent.

In only two instances did Roosevelt use the power of the country to enforce justice. On was in the Pericardis incident, when Rasuli, the Moroccan bandit, took the American prisoner. Roosevelt cabled the American representative to secure either "Pericardis alive or Rasuli dead." This brought prompt release for the American. In the same year a fleet of naval ships was sent to Smyrna to bring Turkey to time, and this had the desired effect.

Cuba also furnished its share of trouble for the ex-president. The administration of President Palma was not a success, and in September, 1906, anarchy seemed about to control the affairs of the island. President Taft, then secretary of war, was sent to the island. Palma resigned and a provisional government, with Charles A. Magoon at its head, was established by the United States. January 28, 1909, Miguel Gomez was elected president of the republic, and Cuba again started on the road to prosperity. As one of the pledges left by McKinley, Roosevelt negotiated a reciprocity treaty with Cuba by which exports to the United States have grown from $63,000,000 in 1903 to $97,000,000 in 1907.

These are the achievements of the Roosevelt epoch for international peace.

Progress at Home.

In affairs of the nation seven and one-half years of Roosevelt in the presidency saw the beginning of many enterprises that will be of lasting benefit in the future life of the nation. The purchase of the Panama canal probably was the greatest achievement of his administration. The sending of the naval squadron around the world brought the United States at a bound into prominence as a world power. Reform in the foreign service was another work brought about. His forceful veto messages to congress made it apparent that he was not to be trifled with. His attack on predatory wealth and corporations startled the country. Toward the working classes of the country Roosevelt became popular when he forced the settlement of the anthracite coal strike and compelled the operators to give justice to the workmen and the public as well.

Conservation of public resources, the punishment of land grabbers, aid and encouragement to the foes of graft everywhere were features of his work. Public corporations were prosecuted and fined, the greatest trust in the world prosecuted and its fate now hangs in the balance in the supreme court. Railroads were taught that they could not form illegal combinations, and in general there was an awakening of things that kept the great interests in constant fear of the man in the White House.

Prosecutions of corporations for violation of the interstate commerce law were common. During his terms 135 indictments were secured, and before he left office there were more than 35 convictions while a number of cases were left pending. The most notable victory was gained when the Northern Securities Co. was declared illegal by the supreme court in 1902. The prosecution of the Standard Oil trust was a staggering blow to the big corporations and the trust has been declared illegal in the lower courts. Its fate is now in the hands of the supreme court.

Land grafters found a hard row to hoe with Roosevelt. They were prosecuted relentlessly. One United States senator was among those convicted. The result was that $500,000 was recovered to the government, fines amounting to $57,500 assessed and fraudulent titles to 1,177,836 acres of land cancelled. Roosevelt saw the necessity of saving the deposits of coal under and timber on public lands. In 1901 the total of forest reserves in the country was a little over 46,000,000 acres, including 403,000 acres in Alaska. The conclusion of his term found the national forests increased to 188,500,000 acres, including 27,000,000 acres in Alaska and 65,000 acres in Port Rico. In the postoffice department grafters were also prosecuted, and a number of convictions secured.

The navy was greatly increased. Thirteen new battleships were added and the size of them increased from 14,000 tons to 26,000 tons. Naval stations were established in Hawaii, Cuba and the Philippines. The army was increased from 3,200 officers and 68,000 enlisted men to 4,473 officers and 83,250 men.

In the line of labor legislation the safety appliance act, compelling railroads to equip all rolling stock with safety appliances was signed by Roosevelt. The eight-hour law, long a dead letter on public work, was revived and applied to work on the Panama canal. A model child labor law for the District of Columbia was also enacted. An employers' liability law was enacted in 1906, but was declared unconstitutional.

MORE FARMERS WANTED

No Danger of an Oversupply for Years to Come.

Wall Stret Journal.

There is no great danger that the supply of farmers will be a drug on the market for some years to come. The treasury department's actuaries estimate the population of the country now at 90,000,000. At an average consumption of 5½ bushels of wheat a year for each person it will take a little less than 500,000,000 bushels to suppiy white bread for the country, to say nothing of other varieties. This means something more than 100,000,000 barrels of flour to be ground, distributed and baked into bread for delivery at the consumers' tables.

But this is only one of the many demands which a population moving rapidly toward 100,000,000 souls makes every day of the year. The country consumes probably not less than 30,000,000 head of live stock a year. This includes cattle, hogs and sheep, but takes no account of poultry and poultry products, nearly all of which have to be supplied from the farms of the country.

The two branches of farming which require the least labor for their successful prosecution, and the most thinking, are those which have much to do with the increased cost of living. They are poultry and poultry products and live stock growing. Within an hour's ride by rail of nearly every eastern city there are lands which lend themselves readily to occupation for those purposes. With modern facilities for transit to and from the cities and towns the possibilities of development of these particular sources of future supplies would seem at this particular time to be especially inviting.

As for the alleged drawback that schools and other institutional advantages are inferior in rural and suburban communities, there are some serious doubts in the matter. City schools are crowded because of having to work by the wholesale, in contrast with the personal attention which is possible and practicable in the rural and suburban schools. Moreover, the conditions of living make greatly for the physical if not for the moral advantage of the rural over the urban life.

THE GIRL THAT WAITED

Her 12 Days' Vigil Rewarded by Best Section of Land.

Saskatoon Cor. St. Paul Pioneer Press.

A resolute little school teacher, Miss Mildred Williams, of Lintonville, Minn., has broken the record in the Canadian northwest for the length of time the land office has been besieged by homesteaders. She has just completed a wait of 12 days at the local land office and succeeded in securing a quarter-section 16 miles northwest of Saskatoon, valued at $18 an acre.

While there were a number of fine farms to be given out to the lucky ones, this was the prize, and Miss Williams prepared for it with all the care of a general undertaking a city's siege. She employed a woman to bring to her meals and soft drinks. She employed another woman as a kind of a scout and messenger. Then she moved into the vacant space just outside the door with a reclining chair. She took up her quarters just 12 days before the time announced for the homestead allotment. The rule in Canada is that a line shall be formed and the first one in gets first choice. Miss Williams got expert advice and then started her long vigil. Her equipment was a heavy coonskin coat and blankets, for the nights were chilly. With a supply of current literature and a regular service by which she received the daily papers, she kept her mind busy. At night she made a kind of a tent over her chair, which secured all the privacy she required.

Every one was in sympathy with her because of the ingenuity and determination she displayed. Therefore there was a cheer when she marched into the land office and secured her homestead. She came to Canada eight months ago and began to teach school. As the support of a widowed mother she was entitled, under the law, to homestead 160 acres, and learning of the prize at this entry she laid her plans with care.

THE LION'S HEAD

Origin of Its Use as Decoration for Fountain.

Scientific American.

"The sun glows in the Lion," says Seneca, meaning that when the sun enters the sign of Leo at the summer solstice the highest temperature of the year is experienced. We may say on the other hand that the Babylonian astrologers thousands of years ago placed the king of beasts, the fiery and ferocious lion, in that part of the zodiac which the sun enters at the summer solstice.

The constellation which is called Leo bears very little resemblance to the outline of a lion. Probably the name was originally applied only to its principal star, Regulus. It is to this constellation in the zodiac that we owe the countless water spewing lions' heads which are found in ancient and modern fountains, because in the latter part of July, while the sun is still in the sign Leo, the Nile is at its highest level.

Furthermore, the lion's head with widely open jaws is in itself very suitable for the mouth of a fountain or water-spout. This decorative motif was employed universally throughout the Greco-Roman world. Lions' heads are found used in this way at Athens, Ephesus, Olympia, Agrigentum and countless other places. It is not quite certain that this employment of the lion's head originated in Egypt. Curtius describes an Assyrian bas-relief from Ba'ran showing water streaming from a ring-shaped vessel. A lion stands at on guard on either side of the fountain.

The water clock, which was used in judicial proceedings, had the form of a lion and a name which means the guardian of the stream. Hence the idea of protection may have been the origin of the association of lions with fountains, and this custom may have originated in Asia.

Western Acres Still Untilled.

Omaha Bee.

In the Panhandle of Texas alone there are fully 7,000,000 acres that only need the touch of the plough and the seed of the sower to produce millions of bushels of good grain. Estimating that this land would yield no more than 10 bushels to the acre, we would have 70,000,000 bushels, enough to keep the wolf from the door a little while longer.

It is not necessary to confine attention to Texas; other states in the west, Nebraska for one, have still vast areas of available wheat land which it will require years of colonization to exhaust in settlement and occupation. Some of the sweeping ranges of Nebraska and adjacent states never used for other than pasturing purposes will some day be turned into wheat and corn fields, probably as soon as their need for such becomes apparent.

At Odds WITH THE Regent

By BURTON E. STEVENSON

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CHAPTER XXII.

At the Palais Royal.

I had scarce opened my eyes the next morning when there came a rap at the door.

"Come in!" I cried.

The door opened and Jacques entered.

"An order for you, M. de Brancas," he said, "left here a moment ago by one of the regent's guards," and he handed me a folded paper.

I opened it with a trembling hand. What new move was this?

"M. de Brancas," I read, "will be in the chapel of the Palais Royal at 9 o'clock this morning. He will accompany the Duc de Richelieu, and will not leave until the ceremony which is to take place at that hour has been concluded. He will then proceed directly to the private audience-chamber. Signed, Orleans, Regent."

"'Tis hardly a new calamity, Jacques," I said, seeing his anxious face, "but it may presage one. Is Richelieu awake?"

"He is in the dining-hall awaiting you, monsieur."

"Tell him I will join him in a moment," and leaping out of bed, I was soon dressed and downstairs.

I looked at the duke anxiously as I advanced to take his hand, and was pleased to note that his face showed less disorder than I had feared.

"Ah, do not look so depressed, my friend!" he cried, rising to meet me. "I have finished the battle, and I fancy you will no longer find me the foolish and vacillating creature of last night. At least, I shall be strong enough to say yes or no."

"That is well, monsieur," I said, but I glanced at him with some concern, for his gayety seemed feverish. I judged it best to say nothing on that score, however, and we sat down to breakfast together, the duke maintaining a rapid flow of conversation which awakened in me still more uneasiness.

"I received an order this morning from the regent," I said, at last, "commanding me to accompany you to the Palais Royal this morning at 9 o'clock. If you think the sight will prove too painful, you could easily feign illness, monsieur."

"No, no," and Richelieu grew grave in a moment. "I shall go my friend, and prove to Charlotte that I am not the coward she must think me."

"But it seems an unnecessary trial for both of you," I protested.

"The regent has ordered it, de Brancas," answered Richelieu, quietly; "and do you know why he has ordered it? Simply to give me pain. Ah, well, I will show him that I can smile even when my heart is breaking."

He fell silent for a time and then suddenly arose.

"Come," he said, "we have no time to lose. It will be a brilliant assembly and we must pay some attention to our toilettes. You are to consider mine as your own, my friend. All I have would be too little to show my gratitude."

I thanked him, but declined his offer. I was resolved to wear no borrowed plumage, but to go as plain Jean de Brancas. Richelieu looked at me with a smile as he joined me in the hall—a smile of understanding—but he said nothing. We entered the carriage which was waiting and were driven rapidly across the Seine. I glanced at him anxiously. He appeared more composed than I.

There was a blockade of vehicles in the Rue St. Honore and we could proceed but slowly. Richelieu seemed rather to court than to shun observation and nodded gayly to all whom he knew. But every journey must have an end, and at last we drew up before the entrance to the Palais Royal, crossed the court, and mounted the steps together. The chapel was already crowded with a gay company, and they seemed to turn their heads with one accord and look at us as we entered. Some whisper had got abroad of Richelieu's love for the princess, and every one was curious to see how he would endure the ordeal. My heart leaped as I saw him advancing with head erect and eye sparkling, bowing gayly to right and left. It was as I would have a brave man go to the block. He took his station at the side of Mlle. de Charolais, the regent's sister, in the front rank of the spectators, and began a lively conversation with her. I had not his confidence in my power to conceal my feelings, and chose a less conspicuos position somewhat in the rear

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right and left I saw again the victim of this sacrifice, her eyes more luminous, her face more vivid, but her head no less erect, her step no less firm. At her side was a dark and swarthy man whom I had never seen before, but whom I knew to be the representative of the Duc de Modena, for the marriage had been by proxy. They passed down the aisle and out of sight.

I stood as a man dazed. I could not believe that what I had witnessed had really happened. It seemed that I must be dreaming. A touch on the arm aroused me, and I turned to find Richelieu at my side.

"Come, my friend," he said, smiling sadly, "I, too, have just received an order from the regent. It is to join my regiment at Bayonne without delay. A guard of horse awaits me at the door."

"And you will go?" I asked.

"Yes," he answered, "I shall be glad to get away from Paris for a time. There is nothing but sad memories here for me. You are to make my house your home," he continued, earnestly. "Perhaps, some time, you may even care to join me at Bayonne. Good-by, my friend," and as though unable to say more, he pressed my hand and hurried towards the door.

I gazed after him until he had disappeared in the crowd, and I wondered sadly what I should do alone in Paris. Without Richelieu and without Louise my life would indeed be aimless and void of interest. I watched the crowd as it gradually dispersed. More than one curious glance was shot in my direction, but no one spoke to me, and the chapel soon became deserted.

A voice at my side startled me.

"Monsieur has an appointment with the regent, has he not?" asked the voice, and I turned and saw one of the ushers of the palace.

"Yes; I had forgot it," I answered, remembering in a moment the order I had received ere I was out of bed.

"I will conduct monsieur to the audience-chamber," he said, and at a gesture of assent he led the way.

"Do you know when Mlle. de Valois leaves?" I asked.

"The Duchess de Modena leaves at once for Italy to join her husband."

"True," I murmured, "she is no longer Mlle. de Valois," and I followed him in silence. I was not, then, to see Louise again. There was no room in my heart for any other thought. I was crushed, hopeless. My guide opened the door into the audience-chamber which I knew so well. He stood aside and I entered. A glance showed me that the room was empty.

"The regent requests you to await him here, monsieur," said the usher, and closed the door.

I sank into a chair, utterly weary and disheartened. Never, even at Poitiers, had my life appeared so barren and so fruitless. I felt as a shipwrecked man must feel who is left alone in the midst of a great waste of water, without a spar to cling to, without hope of succor—overwhelmed, impotent, a pigmy. I comprehended dimly that I had been struggling against a force greater than I had understood—a force that had brushed me aside out of its path without seeing me—a force against which my puny strength counted as less than nothing.

The opening of a door aroused me, and I arose as I saw the regent enter.

"Sit down, M. de Brancas," he said, kindly, himself taking the large chair in which he always sat. "This is to be a friendly conference, I trust," and he smiled at me, though, I fancied, sadly. "This is the first time I have seen you since you dashed out of the wood with Cartouche's rascals at your heels, and I see that your wound is not yet well. Believe me, monsieur, I am not ungrateful for the valor you showed that night, and I appreciate and respect the feeling which sent you to my rescue."

"'Twas what any gentleman would have done," I said, simply, and that night seemed far away.

"'Twas what any gentleman would have tried to do, perhaps," answered the regent, "but which few could have accomplished. Do not belittle yourself, M. de Brancas. I admire strong men who pause at nothing, even though they be against me. Few could have done what you have done since you have been in Paris."

"And to what end?" I cried. "Everything that I have done, every hope that I have cherished, was blown into thin air this morning."

"There is one thing which even the bravest men assault in vain," and the regent's manner had a certain majesty which became him well. "That is the state. They may break themselves against it as they will, they may think that they have victory within their grasp, but in the end the state stands firm, unshaken. It cannot stop to examine every heart, M. de Brancas. It must move steadily forward towards the goal it has in view. Some hearts may be crushed, some lives embittered, but the state lives, and the state is above everything."

"But did the state demand this sacrifice?" I asked.

"The state demanded it, yes, M. de Brancas," and a cloud descended upon the regent's face. "I love my daughters, monsieur. I do not delight in torturing them. But the father must yield to the regent, just as the man must yield to the state. I tell you plainly that no other price could have bought the head of Richelieu. I was determined that no member of my house—the reigning house—should continue a liaison with a traitor. I was determined that treason should not be permitted to conceal itself behind the throne, ready to hurl it down at any moment; and had there been no other way, that traitor's head should have fallen on the Place de Greve as a warning to other traitors. But there was another way, and it has been accomplished. A severed neck has never been known to heal, monsieur, but broken hearts are not so fatal, for Time is a wonderful surgeon. I will govern France with justice and kindness if I can; but when treason raises its head, I will strike and without mercy. Above everything, it shall be I who governs France, and no one else. My daughter's marriage with this Italian prince has strengthened France, and she needs all the strength the devotion of her subjects can give her."

He paused for a moment, the cloud still on his brow.

"You have doubtless heard many stories about me, M. de Brancas," he continued. "Some of them are true, perhaps, but there is one which is not true. It is the most monstrous of all. Chance has made the most of it in his last philippic."

I knew what he meant. Indeed, I had heard Chance reciting it at the house of Madame du Maine, and had turned away in disgust at the statement that Orleans aimed to poison the king and seize the throne himself.

"Shall I tell you what is the greatest ambition of my life? It is to place in the hands of Louis XV., when he ascends the throne, a kingdom greater than the one which I now hold in trust; a kingdom free from debt and from the abuses which grind the people into the earth. I may have mistresses, M. de Brancas, but no one has ever yet been able to say truthfully that I deliver the kingdom into their hands, as other and greater rulers than I have done."

He had risen as he spoke, and at these words he stood beside my chair and laid his hand upon my shoulder. I was strangely moved. Assuredly there was no enmity in my heart for this man, however great the sorrow he had caused my dearest friend.

"I do not know why I tell you this," he continued, in a calmer voice, "unless it be that I know you for a brave and loyal gentleman, with whom I am proud to measure myself. The bravest act of all, monsieur, was the one you did last night in the apartments of my daughter."

"You knew of it, then?" I asked in wonderment.

"Yes, I knew of it," and the regent smiled with a brighter face. "My daughter came to me after you had gone and told me of it—not to ask anything for herself, monsieur, but to ask something for some one else whom she loves. And I was proud of my daughter—how proud I cannot tell you—and I promised her that what she asked should be done. Indeed, I had already thought of it before she asked."

"But Richelieu also deserves some praise, monsieur," I said. "He chose the nobler part."

"Yes, but required prompting in it," answered the regent, quickly. "However, he has his reward, monsieur. I had intended banishing him as a firebrand dangerous to the peace of the kingdom. Instead, I have merely sent him to Bayonne, and will soon release him even from there. The reward is for others, monsieur, who behaved more nobly still."

I gazed at him in astonishment too deep for words, for this was not the Philip d'Orleans whom I had known and whom the world knew. This was a handsome gentleman with smiling lips and brilliant eyes, a man whose whole appearance was singularly winning.

"There is yet wanting one person to our conference," he said, after a moment. "That person will soon be here. In fact, she is coming now."

I heard the door open behind me—the rustle of a dress. My heart told me who it was. I sprang from my chair and faced Louise Dacour.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Regent's Gratitude.

She wore the same gown in which she had followed the princess to the altar, and there were traces of tears upon her face. She walked straight to the regent, without glancing in my direction.

"What is it, monsieur?" she cried, "what is it that has separated me from Charlotte at this last moment?"

"And did she tell you nothing?" asked the regent, kindly.

"She told me only that it had been done at her request and that she wished it. She bade me good-by at her carriage window, and said that you would explain it all to me."

"And so I shall," said the regent. "You would wish to do what my daughter desires you to do, would you not, mademoiselle, and what you knew would make her happier?"

"Oh, M. le Duc, can you ask?"

"No, I do not need to ask," and the regent smiled into her anxious face. "Only, before beginning, I wish to assure you, mademoiselle, that that which follows is really what my daughter does wish, and what will, I am certain, truly make her happier. You will believe this, mademoiselle?"

"I will try to do so," and Louise looked at him wonderingly. Evidently she, also, was not acquainted with this man of kindly face and tender voice.

"Sit down, then, mademoiselle," he said, "and you also, M. de Brancas. What I have to say will take some time and I do not wish to weary you."

We did as he bade, and I gazed at Louise with all my love in my eyes, but she did not vouchsafe me a glance.

"We must commence first with M. de Brancas," and the regent picked up some papers which were lying on the table at his elbow. "I pray neither of you to interrupt me until I have finished. This paper which I hold in my hand is the report of the Marquis d'Ancenis, captain of the guards. It informs me that among the gentlemen who were found in the salon of Madame du Maine on the night of the discovery of the plot was a certain M. Jean de Brancas. It adds that there can be no possible doubt of his complicity in the plot, that he had been aware of all its details for several days, that he was present at a conference between Mlle. de Launay and Prince Cellamare, that on that occasion he resisted and dangerously wounded one of M. Herault's agents, that he subsequently caused to be delivered to M. Herault a number of spurious papers for the purpose of misleading him, and that he has, in a word been guilty of treason."

"But, M. le Duc——" protested Mlle. Dacour. The regent stopped her with a gesture.

"M. de Brancas has, then, been guilty of the gravest crime which can be charged against a subject of France," he continued. "All persons who conspire against the kingdom must be punished. To this there can be no exception. All of the other conspirators have been imprisoned. M. de Brancas must therefore be imprisoned. Some of the other conspirators must lose their heads. M. de Brancas' further punishment has also to be considered."

At last she looked at me,—only a glance, but a glance that made my heart leap.

"And have you brought me here to torture me?" she cried.

"Have patience," and the regent smiled down again into her upturned face. "You will learn in a moment, mademoiselle. This," he continued, picking up another paper, "is a second report concerning M. de Brancas. It relates how he escaped from the salon by overturning two of the guards, mounted a horse and rode away no one knew whither, evading two volleys which were fired after him. Here is a third report, stating that Madame du Maine endeavored to prevent his escape, and furnished a description of the horse and rider, which was sent to all the gates of Paris, and especially, at her urgent request, to the Versailles gate. This paper is the report of the commandant of the Versailles gate. It relates how M. de Brancas arrived at the gate in the guise of a courier, having in some way obtained the pass-word; how in the instant that an attempt was made to arrest him, he rode down a sentry, forced open the gate, and plunged into the outer darkness. The report adds that a volley of musketry was fired after him, but that he apparently escaped uninjured, and that the absence of horses prevented a pursuit. Here is a report from Levau, chief surgeon of the Hotel Dieu, to whom this case was especially intrusted. It states that M. de Branças was brought there suffering from a pistol-shot in the head and another in the shoulder, that he recovered from both wounds and was discharged practically well again."

The regent paused and I got another glance from Louise. She was breathing more freely and the color was returning to her face. What cared I for the regent if only she loved me?

"But the most important report of all is not here," he continued. "That is my report, which, however, has never been put into writing. It is that on this same night I was returning to Paris from Versailles, where some business had summoned me. I had passed St. Cloud, when out of the wood ahead rode a madman, who fired a pistol into the air, cried to me to save myself, and rolled lifeless into the road. The report would add that, upon examination, this madman was found to be the same M. de Brancas concerning whom so many reports have already been written. The report would conclude by stating that a plot to assassinate me was subsequently discovered."

Again the regent paused for a moment. Ah! the joy in my heart when Louise looked at me a third time,—this time almost with a smile.

"In other words," went on the regent, "the object of this mad ride through the night, this overcoming of so many obstacles, this encountering of so many perils,—in short, this achievement almost superhuman,—was to save my life from a band of murderers. For this I am grateful, and I intend to show my gratitude. This, M. de Brancas," and he picked up another paper, "is the title to a pretty little estate in Normandy. It is called Arneaux. This title, monsieur, I give you, and I instruct you to set out for your estate as soon as possible. It is upon your estate that I propose to imprison you."

I took the paper, too stupefied to speak. An estate for me—for me, Jean de Brancas!

"But this is more than I merit, monsieur," I stammered. He silenced me with a gesture. Louise was beaming at me, her eyes bright with tears.

"It was at this point," continued the regent, whose face grew ever more smiling, "that my daughter came to my assistance. It was last night that she knocked at the door of my apartment, and after she had entered, she told me of an act of loyalty before which I count all this as nothing. She told me of a man who held honor above love and friendship, and of a woman who held loyalty and honor above love. Believe me, monsieur and mademoiselle, there are not many such. And in return for this my daughter suggested that I also appoint a jailer for M. de Brancas."

"But, M. le Duc," protested Louise, "M. de Brancas does not need a jailer. His simple word of honor, it seems to me, should be sufficient."

I confess my head was in a whirl. I knew not what to think.

"So I thought," answered the regent, "and so I told my daughter, but I was silenced when she told me whom she wished me to name as jailer. I have made out the appointment here. You will see it is in due form. 'I, Philip d'Orleans, Regent of France, in the name of his most gracious majesty, Louis XV., of France, do this day appoint as jailer of M. Jean de Brancas, to securely guard upon his estate at Arneaux by whatever means may seem necessary, one Mlle. Louise Dacour——'"

Louise uttered a cry of astonishment. I was on my feet in an instant. The regent silenced us both with another wave of the hand.

"'The only condition being,'" he continued, "'that Mlle. Dacour shall be united in marriage to the prisoner, M. de Brancas, in order that she may be able to guard him more effectually at all times. Signed, Philip d'Orleans, Regent of France.' Now, M. de Brancas, we will hear you first. Is it that you object to this jailer?"

"No, M. le Duc," I answered, not daring to glance at Louise. "God knows, I would willingly spend my whole life in such a prison. But I ask no assistance in love, monsieur, however much I love her, to be compelled to marry me."

The regent looked at me for a moment with a smile.

"And who has said anything about compulsion, my friend?" he asked. "Certainly, not I. It is for Mlle. Dacour to choose. I fancy you would suffer little with such a jailer, but if she does not desire the position, she has only to refuse it."

I turned to Louise. She, too, had risen, and her face was rosy with blushes and tender with a good tenderness. She was looking at me with brimming eyes. For a moment I did not understand.

"Louise!" I cried, "Louise!"

"M. le Duc," she said, with the prettiest bow in the world, "I believe I will accept the trust."

In an instant she was in my arms, and the regent, with smiling face, left us alone together.

THE LAST WORD.

The roses are blooming about me in this little garden in Normandy, for it is June, and six months have gone since that memorable audience with the regent,—six months that have passed like a dream. I have been busy looking over my estate—how strangely it sounds, even yet, to say "my estate!"—getting acquainted with my people and trying to make them love me.

I receive a letter from Paris now and then, and from these I learn the news. Madame du Maine is still at Dijon, and the other conspirators are also still in prison, but the regent is not vindictive, and I believe will soon release them. To the Bretons, he was not so merciful, and more than one went to the gibbet. But the kingdom is at peace, and we hear no more of plots against it.

I close my eyes, and see again the lovely face of Charlotte d'Orleans as I saw it last and as I love best to remember it, and I pray that it may yet be my good fortune to be of service to her. Stranger things have happened, and, who knows, perhaps some day the chance will come.

And Richelieu? Ah, Richelieu is coming next week to be my guest, and how shall I delight to take him by the hand, to show him over my estate, to talk with him again!

As I lay down my pen I hear a stealthy step upon the walk behind me, and two soft hands are clasped upon my eyes.

"Guess who it is," cries a merry voice.

"I do not need to guess, my love," I answer. "My heart tells me too surely," and I draw my wife's laughing face down to mine and kiss her fondly.

THE END.

Use of Telephones in Floods.

Cor. of Chicago News.

Disastrous floods in the northwest of New South Wales were caused by a phenomenal rainfall. Tamworth was the first to be submerged, then followed Narrabri, Wee Waa, Moree, Warialda and a number of smaller towns.

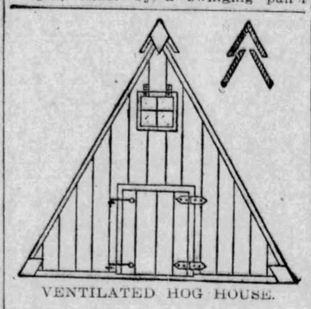
The mayor of Moree was cut off by the flood and had to wade with his family through four feet of water for a corrugated iron roof, where he remained under the sweltering sun for three days till the water subsided. In this, as in many similar cases, the telephone proved of immense use, enabling the inmates to communicate with the town and to arrange for the sending out of a relief party to rescue a boatload of people who had capsized in front of the mayor's house and had been forced to remain in the trees all night. In another case a brother and sister were perched on a roof for three days, and a boat was hurriedly constructed in town to take them some food.

Good Feed to Fatten Pigs

In order to get large and economical gains in pig feeding, it is recommended to use as large a number of feeds in the ration as possible. The principal feeds used in Illinois experiments were corn, barley, soy beans, skim milk and alfalfa.

To secure uniform distribution of the nutrients of the feed, it is suggested that the grains used be ground and mixed with the milk and water, thus making a slop of all the ingredients except the mineral matter. A little of the corn, however, may be fed whole in order to develop the teeth and to accustom the pigs to feed in this form for purposes later in life when it may be advantageous to use feeds in this form.

The feeding trough should be arranged, either by a swinging panel



VENTILATED HOG HOUSE.

over the trough or by having it in a separate feeding pen, so that the slop can be poured into it without being disturbed by the pigs. When the slop is in the trough and the pigs are all present, the panel over the trough may be swung back or the gate, which should be a wide one, may be opened into the feeding pen so that all the pigs can come to the trough at the same time. Then, by having pigs of equal size in the lot and not having too many together, there will result a good distribution of the nutrients to the different individuals in the lot.

Fresh air is important to the welfare of live stock. In normal air there is contained, approximately, nitrogen gas 75 per cent, and oxygen 25 per cent. Oxygen combines with other elements rapidly and if it were not diluted in the air by nitrogen, which is not very active, the effect on life would be harmful. Carbonic acid gas exhaled by animals is injurious and for that reason a perfect ventilation in barns, stables and houses is very necessary.

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The FARMSTEAD

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible.

Is there a reader of Farmstead who can tell me what ingredients are required to make creosote in the form of paint used for shingles?—P., Weeksville, N. C.

My hogs weigh about 200 pounds. They are weak in their hind legs and cannot walk. I would be pleased to know of some way to treat them. I have lost two.—R., Junction City, Okla.

My cow has had a bad cough for six months. She is seven years old. Somebody kindly tell me what to do for her. —F., Illinois.

I have a pen pig that coughs. Seems healthy otherwise. Is there any remedy, and would the meat be healthful?—B., Russell, Ohio.

Will some reader kindly give me, through the Farmstead department, his experience with crimson clover and corn? Some tell me to sow when the corn is laid by, let stand until full grown, and then turn under and plant in corn. Is this a good method, or is there one that is better? For increase in the yield of corn would it be better to continue clover every year and corn to follow, or a crop of clover every four years? I hope I may receive an answer soon.—W., Millboro, N. C.

May I ask if any of the Farmstead people can give me a method for exterminating dandelions in a sodded yard without breaking up the sod?—H., Shepherd, Mich.

Will some reader tell me if the milk of a fresh, six-year-old cow is good at the fifth or sixth milking, provided she has done all right and is in a healthy condition? What is the theory of waiting until the eighth or ninth milking?—G., Tippecanoe, Ohio.

Will some one kindly give a rule for prunning tomatoes?—B., Proctor, W. Va.

Our cow was fresh in March and she gave a bucketful of milk. She has come down to about a quart. She is in fine condition, but is of nervous disposition. What is wrong, and what can be done?—H., Clarington, Ohio.

SUGGESTIONS

H., Johnson City, Tenn.: Descriptions of devices, such as you ask for, were given in recent issues. Turn to the Farmstead columns and you will find them.

Mrs. M., Grand River, Ia.: Go to your nearest druggist and ask for the best he has in the way of a bug exterminator. There are a number of good ones on the market, but we can't give them in this or any other column of The Blade.—Ed. Farmstead.

RHUBARB WINE

For rhubarb wine take one quart of water to three pints of sliced rhubarb, and boil until tender. Strain through a cloth and add three pounds of sugar to each gallon of juice. Let stand until well fermented and then bottle and cork. —M., Corry, Pa.

CASTOR OIL FOR WARTS

C., Hundred, W. Va. To remove warts from cow's teats rub with castor oil once a day for a week or ten days. They will disappear within a few weeks.—D., DeGraff, Ohio.

SOME GINSENG EXPERIENCE

Ed. Farmstead I am giving you the experience of a friend in the ginseng business, in reply to a question that appeared in The Blade of May 28.

To keep moles from the ginseng garden, boil corn until all growth in the kernel is killed; then soak it all night in a paris green solution. Put this in the moles' runways and the moles will soon disappear. To keep them out in the fall mulch the ginseng with sawdust two inches deep, instead of leaves. The ginseng comes up through the sawdust in the spring and thrives beautifully.

Do you know that snipping the seed ball when it forms will increase the strength of the root one-fourth?—M., Corry, Pa.

CHARCOAL FOR CHICKS

There is nothing better for bowel troubles in little chicks than freshly burned charcoal, says a writer in Colman's Rural World. The charcoal grains are also excellent, and are said to be efficacious in roup. The greatest problem with little chicks in brooders is bowel trouble, which arises from several causes—chilling, too much heat, crowding, lack of exercise and a wrong diet. If charcoal is pulverized every day and mixed with the food the bowel trouble quickly disappears, provided other faults are remedied. Charcoal is a corrective and not a medicine.

It absorbs gases and promotes digestion of the food. It is most efficacious when freshly prepared, for when allowed to stand it absorbs odors and gases from the atmosphere which partially destroy its healthful qualities. It may be fed in any quantity for the fowls will not use too much of it, but for larger birds it should be placed in boxes and put where they may have access to it. Of course it must be renewed often if used in this manner. For little chicks, which need it at once, it should be mixed in their food in small quantities until some effect is seen, and then the quantity moderated to a regular proportion, each day. For the brooder chicks it will be found one of the best regulators known.

THE RED SPIDER

In the event of dry weather keep a sharp lookout for red spider among your evergreens, and if detected spray with a solution of whale oil.

SPARROWS EAT SEEDS

The natural diet of the English sparrow consists of seeds, but it eats a great variety of other foods. While much of its annual fare consists of waste material from the streets, in autumn and winter it consumes quantities of weed seed and in summer numerous insects. The destruction of weed seed is undeniably in the sparrow's favor. Its record as to insects is not so clear. There is substantial evidence that it eats certain harmful insects quite freely when these are abundant, but that it habitually seeks insects, or that it prefers them to seeds or other vegetable food, is not borne out by the evidence. Out of 522 English sparrow stomachs examined, 47 contained noxious insects, 50 contained beneficial insects and 31 contained insects of little or no economic importance. This report shows conclusively that, aside from the destruction of weed seed, there is very little to be said in the sparrow's favor.

The sparrow destroys small fruits, as cherries, grapes, pears and peaches. It also destroys buds and flowers of cultivated trees, shrubs and vines. In the garden it eats seeds as they ripen and nips off tender young vegetables as they appear above ground, peas and lettuce being especially subject to attack. It damages wheat and other grains when newly sowed, ripening and in shocks. It reduces the numbers of some of our most useful native species, such as bluebirds, house wrens, purple martins, tree swallows, cliff swallows and barn swallows, by destroying the eggs and young and by usurping the nesting places. It attacks other familiar vireo, catbird and mocking bird, causing them to desert parks and shady streets of towns. Unlike our native birds whose places it usurps, it has no song, but is noisy and vituperative. It defiles buildings and ornamental trees, shrubs and vines with its excrement and with its bulky nests.

Sparrows frequently give annoyance by roosting in ornamental vines and in crevices about buildings. If driven out late at night several nights in succession they will usually desert the roost. A jet of water from a garden hose is a potent disturber, particularly on frosty nights. Where water is not available small Roman candles may be employed.

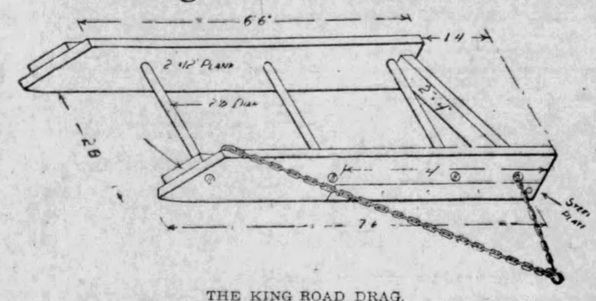
Though sparrows may be driven from a neighborhood, the relief thus obtained is only temporary, and has the further objection that the nuisance is simply transferred elsewhere. More drastic action is therefore preferable.

GINGER CURES COLIC

I have a mare that is very much subject to colic, and until very recently has caused me much trouble, as it was almost impossible to get her to swallow anything. But an old farmer has given me a remedy which has proven to be very effective as a cure, and is also easy to give. Here it is: Give one tablespoonful of extract of Jamaica ginger. One dose is usually sufficient; if not, repeat in one hour. This should be given in one quart of lukewarm water as a drench.

The practical farmer of today must have the "why" added to his "how," or he won't be "practical" enough to make the "thing" pay.

Road Drag Construction and Use



THE KING ROAD DRAG.

Good roads are possible in every part of the country and by the use of a drag, easily constructed by any farmer, the highways that seem impassible can be made into nice driveways. In Nebraska the King drag is used extensively with good results, the following being from a bulletin issued by experiment station of that state:

The split-log drag, or, as it is commonly called, the "King" drag, is without doubt the best implement for keeping roads in shape and in many instances is as efficient as any other implement in the construction of earth roads.

Construction of the "King" Drag.

The King drag can be constructed of either a split log or a plank, but in this state the plank is much easier to obtain than the log, hence this brief description pertains to the construction from planks.

Select a good yellow pine, ash, or oak plank two inches thick, 12 inches wide, and 11 feet long. Cut this in two at an angle so that one edge of each piece is seven feet and six inches long and the other edge is six feet and six inches long. Spike to the back and along the center of each of these planks a two-inch by six-inch piece, which reinforces the plank. Bore the holes for the cross stakes about 26 inches apart and four inches from each end with a two and one-half inch auger, using care to keep the auger perpendicular to the plank.

The two-inch by four-inch brace at the front end should start from the middle of the rear plank and drop to the bottom part of the front plank. The blade, which is generally made of stock cutter steel, should be given the proper cutting slope by placing a wedge-shaped strip between it and the plank. One end of the chain is fastened to a cross stake and the other passes through a hole in the plank and is held in position by means of a pin.

Use of the Drag.

The use of the drag is more satisfactory if the road has first been crowned with a blade grader, but whenever this is not convenient and the traffic is not too heavy the road may be gradually brought to a crown by means of the drag.

The surface of the average country road should be covered in one round with the drag. One horse should be driven on the inside of the wheel track and the other on the outside, the drag being set, by means of the chain, so that it is running at an angle of about 45 degrees with the wheel track and working the earth toward the center of the road. In the spring when the roads are more likely to be rutty and soft it is generally better to go over the road twice and in some places more times.

The drag should be floored with boards which are separated by open spaces of sufficient width so that the dirt which falls over will rattle through and yet they should be close enough so that the driver can move about upon the drag quite freely.

To insure the successful operation of the drag it is necessary for the driver to use careful judgment. Sometimes it is essential that the blade be held down so that the drag will cut roots and weeds, while at other times the front edge should not bear too heavily upon the surface as it will dig out a soft place which would be better if left undisturbed. This regulation of the cutting edge can be accomplished by the driver moving back and forth or to the right and left on the drag.

If the road is to be crowned with the drag it is often well to plow a light furrow along the sides and work this loosened dirt to the center.

On roads with heavy traffic the drag should be used much oftener and with more care than on roads with light traffic.

The distance from the drag at which the team is hitched affects the cutting. A long hitch permits the blade to cut deeper than a short hitch, likewise a heavy doubletree will cause the cutting edge to settle deeper than a light one.

Strange as it may seem, the heavier the traffic over a properly dragged road the better the road becomes.

When to Use the Drag.

There are very few periods of the year when the use of the drag does not benefit the road, but it does the best work when the soil is moist and yet not too sticky. This is frequently within a half-day's time after a rain. When the earth is in this state it works the best, and the effects of working it are fully as beneficial as at any other time. The Nebraska soils when mixed with water and thoroughly worked become remarkably tough and impervious to rain and if compacted in this condition they become extremely hard.

This action of the soil in becoming so hard and smooth not only helps to shed the water during a rain, but also greatly retards the formation of dust.

So much has been written and said pertaining to the great benefits from the use of the road drag that many people beginning the use of it become discouraged before they are well started. They should not feel thus as it often takes a whole season for the road to become properly puddled and baked to withstand the rains and traffic. After a road has been worked with a drag only a short time it is not well to expect it to stand up to heavy traffic during a continued damp spell without being affected. However it will take far heavier traffic than most earth roads receive to more than scuff up the surface. During the four years that the writer has observed the road shown in figures 1 and 2, only once has it ever become so soft that teams were not hauling a ton and a half of coal in each load over it. Even in the fall of 1909, teams were delivering 3,500 pounds of coal at a load to the University farm boiler house before the roads became frozen.

It is not well to consider the benefits from a good road as solely confined to heavy traffic, for there is no doubt but that the time saved to light vehicles and the greater pleasure derived from their use over good roads far surpasses the economy in heavy hauling.

While driving over a well-crowned, smooth road the team does not have to follow the usual rut, no slacking has to be made for irregularities in the surface, and it matters not whether one or two horses are being driven.

QUESTIONS OF THE FEED LOT

Dipping for Lice and Mange.

"We have a drove of 100 head of black Polled Angus steers, and they are at present affected with some kind of skin disease, and the veterinarian at this place recommends dipping them. It will be our first experience in dipping cattle and we write you for some information. What kind of a solution would you recommend for dipping them and what kind of a tank would you purchase? Kindly state what size tank we will need for cattle weighing from 700 to 900 pounds. These cattle are western range cattle and are either affected with lice or mange —we are unable to determine which."

While dipping is the most effective method of treating either lice or mange, I would not advise going to the expense of installing a dipping plant except where it is necessary to dip a large number of cattle annually. The investment in a tank, chutes and sorting pens for cattle would be considerable, as it is necessary to make such equipment strong and heavy. Where dipping is practiced it is customary to build a home-made wooden tank about 40 feet long and sufficiently wide and deep to swing the cattle. They are dipped in either crude oil, coal-tar dips, or a lime and sulphur solution. The cattle are kept in the dip from one to three minutes. In treating steers for lice we have found spraying satisfactory. The cattle are put into a chute one at a time (we use our dehorning chute) and sprayed thoroughly with a 10 per cent solution of kerosene emulsion. It takes five to ten minutes and one to two gallons of emulsion to spray each one and thoroughly rub the liquod in with a broom or swab. Crude oil has recently been found very effective for mange, as well as lice, and we have used it on a small scale on some of our breeding cattle. It can be applied like kerosene emulsion either with a spray pump or simply rubbed on with a broom. While this is laborious, it would be comparatively inexpensive to treat your drove of 100 steers in this way. One application of crude oil is sufficient, and since you state that the sympton like kerosene those on mange it would recommend the oil treatment. It would also be well to spray the sheds, fences and racks with a disinfectant such as Zenoleum at the time the cattle are treated.

FARMING—PAST AND FUTURE

William C. Brown, president of the New York Central railroad lines, is one of those who believe with James J. Hill that "the problem of giving the masses bread is becoming the question of the hour." Mr. Brown recently delivered an address before the Boys' Agricultural club, of Page county, Iowa, in which he asserted that a bread shortage is coming unless something is done to increase production. In the course of his remarks he said:

"A most careful investigation of statistics shows beyond a shadow of doubt that, unless production can be immediately and powerfully stimulated within five years, consumption of foodstuffs in this country will have overtaken production; the last vessel loaded with the exports of the nation's farms will have left our shores; the great grain-exporting elevators in our Atlantic and Pacific ocean ports will stand empty and idle, and this great agricultural nation, like the nations of the old world, will be looking with anxious eyes for a place to purchase the necessaries of life."

Mr. Brown pointed out that Iowa farmers only produced an average of 17 bushels of wheat to the acre, while Germany produced an average of 28 and the United Kingdom an average of 32. He quoted from a recent magazine article by F. D. Coburn, secretary of the Kansas board of agriculture, in which Mr. Coburn wrote:

"Kansas land planted in wheat produces an average of from 13 to 15 bushels per acre. Men write of the shame of the cities and of the crimes of society, but this is the crime of agriculture. The farmers are not seizing the opportunities among which they are thrust; they are not doing justice to the land and climate with which a generous Creator has endowed them. When they realize how much more per acre can be produced by only a little additional labor and at no great additional expense, and when they meet the soil and climate half way, then the farmers may be truly proud of their achievements."

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BEAUTIFYING THE RAILROADS

IN NEW ENGLAND—where else—one of the most efficient and businesslike of railroads has planted about 1,500 rose bushes along a strip of its tracks to test their value in abating the dust nuisance. This curious experiment is being made on the Shore line of the New York, New Haven & Hartford system, a short distance south of Providence, Rhode Island. It puts the finishing touch on the rock ballasting of the road.

The rose bushes are of the rambler variety, quick-growing, hardy and stout-rooted. The soil where they are planted is sandy, and it is hoped that their roots will bind the loose earth together, while their foliage shields the surface of the ground from the action of the trains rushing by.

Incidentally, of course, if the experiment works well, summer pleasure-seekers and tourists will enjoy the novel sensation of riding on a rose-bordered railway. They will tell their friends at home, and the fame of the New York, New Haven & Hartford lines will spread far and wide.

The roses will be a joy to the eye and a lure to the imagination. Travelers who ride on a rose-hedged railway will be led to other parts of the same system for vacation tours. They will be given a high opinion of its progressiveness and its regard for the finer phases of life.

For two or three weeks the rose-bordered railway will be a show place and all the rest of the year it will be talked about. Perhaps the rambler bushes will flourish so that other varieties will be tried. The rugosa rose has thicker and more beautiful foliage. Its blossoms come from May till October and its big red, or reddish yellow, hips are nearly as handsome in autumn as its flowers are in summer. Moreover, it looks like a glorified wild rose and hence especially appropriate hedging the tracks of a railroad, in the open country.

It would be easy to make jest of this rosy outcropping of New England culture. Fancy might sport with the esthetic uplift of rose-guarded rails for tramps making weary way over the ties. It might be asked whether the appeal of the railroad roses, miles of posies for all the countryside to enjoy, would soften rural sentiment toward the common-carrying corporations.

But the experiment in Rhode Island merits a more serious consideration. It is of a piece with the beautifying of railroad station yards. It harmonizes with the artistic adornment of railroad depots. The growth of American civilization in the direction of beauty and charm is shown in the use which has been made of 1,500 rose bushes, even if the experiment shall prove a failure.

Gradually, in this land of Greek sunshine, more than half the year, and Greek summer warmth and glow and sparkle in the air, Americans are coming to have a Greek feeling for beauty. They are growing, as a people, toward art and grace and the fitness of things in the esthetic sense.

This change will gather headway as it widens and deepens. Art builds upon art, and beauty multiplies its lovers where it is made welcome. American eagerness in the pursuit of material gains has scarred the hillsides and valleys of half a continent. Perhaps the next generation will set itself, with increasing diligence, to the task of hiding many of these marks of war and conquest.

Man had to hew his way into nature's forest fastnesses and lay rough hands upon nature's flowery valleys and glades to make room for himself in the new world. Now he is more inclined than ever before to cherish nature as a benefactor rich in gifts and guard what he was once prone to destroy. It is a change bearing fruit in many ways, and all for the increasing wholesomeness and joy of life.

Having Fun With T. R.

Buffalo Commercial.

Turn about is fair play. Colonel Roosevelt has "thoroughly enjoyed his stay in England," as he told the London newspaper men, although, he added, "judging from your comments, some of you have not shared my enjoyment." But there were others, like Lord Curzon, who presided at the convocation at Oxford, where Colonel Roosevelt received his degree of D. C. L. and delivered his Romanes lecture, that felt more disposed to take his advice less seriously and to have a little fun at his expense. In the Latin verses welcoming him to Oxford, Lord Curzon spoke of him as one

Before whose coming comets too took flight,
And all the Nile's seven mouths turned pale with fright.

And then apostrophized him in this seriocomic vein: "Most strenuous of men, most distinguished of citizens of the world, you who have twice administered with purity the first magistracy of the great republic and may perhaps administer it a third time, peer of most august kings, queller of men, destroyer of monsters wherever found, yet most human of mankind, deeming nothing indifferent to you, not even the blackest of the black, I by my authority and that of the whole university, admit you to the degree of doctor of civil law honoris causa." There were roars of laughter, in which, we may be sure, the Colonel joined, at the panic on the Nile and also at the reference to "destruction of monsters," while the allusion to a third term was loudly cheered.

So, too, the New York newspaper men are having lots of fun over Colonel Roosevelt's "welcome home," though he may find their satire a trifle more biting than that of his English entertainers. For example, take the following mock procession recently announced by a New York newspaper:

First division, mounted police followed by the Malefactors of Great Wealth Association. Local No. 4 (in chains), Ananias Association (gogged), Mollycoddles' Defensive Union (carrying dumbells.)

Second Division, mounted band, followed by the Nature Fakirs' Protective Union, Eastern Branch, making noises like unknown African animals.

Third Division, escort of Rough Riders, led by Non-Office Holding Members of the Tennis Cabinet, flanked by representatives of the Original Roosevelt Clubs.

Fourth Division, Herbert Parsons, calling for cheers.

Fifth Divison, Society of the Spear that Knows No Brother, each member carrying the scalp of a Crowned Head.

Sixth Division, Inner Council of the Third Term League, led by William Loeb, Jr., looking rather cheerful.

Seventh Division, ROOSEVELT HIMSELF, on horseback in a carriage with an aeroplane, and calliope attachment.

Eighth Division, Reception Committee in carriages drawn by Undesirable Citizens and pushed by the Return from Elba Club.

Ninth Division, an ecstatic message of welcome from W. H. Taft, encased in a cake of ice and drawn by four black horses.

There are keen thrusts under this pleasantry, to be sure, but the man who never turned a hair under the ferocious chaffing of the Gridiron club at Washington will not resent these clever "mock parts."

GOVERNMENT SHAD HATCHING

Work of Experts Aboard the Coast Vessel the Fish Hawk.

Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Lying at anchor in the Delaware river off Gloucester is a little vessel painted an immaculate white, which bears across her bow the name Fish Hawk. She belongs to the United States fish commission. Her crew is clearing her decks for action, laying out long spawning tables and toting away in preparation for the millions of shad eggs which will soon come to the vessel from the fishermen up and down the river.

While the Fish Hawk has been employed in shad hatching on the Delaware many seasons since 1.., this is her first visit here in four years. She covers the entire eastern coast from the Kennebec to Key West.

The work of egg collecting is done by the crew of 43 men, all of whom are experts. They go out to the fishing grounds in small boats towed by steam launches and there secure from the market fishermen the shad which are about to spawn. These eggs are fertilized in large pans and after several days are placed in jars in which they hatch in from four to seven days, the length of time depending on the temperature of the water. When the shad have attained the size of half an inch they are taken to the river beds and turned loose.

The Fish Hawk has collected as many as 125,000,000 eggs in a season, 80 to 95 per cent of which have proved fertile. In nature, it is said, not 5 per cent of the eggs hatch. The Fish Hawk has 250 hatching jars, each capable of holding 85,000 to 90,000 eggs. When the fish are hatched they find their way through a drain pipe into an aquarium, where they remain until turned out.

Hatching will continue until about June 1, when the spawning season will be over in the Delaware, and the vessel will go north into other rivers.

A Moat in Tokio

The Travel Magazine.

Every one in the party had been abroad and the subject under discusion was the one place which he or she would most prefer to visit again. Of course cathedrals and the Riviera and the drive from Amalfi to Sorrento were set forth as things that are just as they should be. Most of them had seen all of these, so each had to defend a favorite spot.

"What do you like best?" was asked a girl who had not yet spoken.

"The moat in Tokio around the imperial palace in the month of May." It was a masterstroke. None of the others had seen it, so they could not wave defiance and cry, "Do you really like that better than Athens by moonlight?" "What is it like?" was all they could say, while several added, "I know my money will never carry me that far."

But then you never can tell and one of that party and I started out in the month of May to see the moat around the palace of the Mikado. Those who have seen and know say that there is in the world no finer ingress than to the palace grounds in Tokio.

And the trees! There are pine trees, some quite dignified and proper, others hopelessly tipsy, continually toppling over the edge of some high wall into the moat below, but never quite falling in. They are just like Japanese babies on high clogs. They balance themselves over the verge of things in a nervous prostration sort of way, but somehow never quite fall in. Then there are maples and willows and poplars and lots of others, including the beautiful enoki, which is by interpretation the Celtis simensis, whatever that may be. And lastly there is all along a filling in of the inestimable bamboo. It isn't like anything else. It has a green all its own and different greens all along from youth to old age. It is something like a palm and very like a fern, and willowy in a way that must discourage willows.

So you ramble along, on foot remember, watching the wind blow the water of the moat, or else lean comfortably on a grassy bank and enjoy the lotus pond and you feel almost as though you were a lotus eater, and that nothing could rouse you from the spell of indolent enjoyment.

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QUESTION BUREAU

RULES—1. Your real name and post-office address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subject. 3. The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any question involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers we will reply in print, but never by mail.

INGREDIENTS OF PAINT

Will you please tell what you can about the ingredients used in making paint?—J. L. P., Church Hill, Pa.

Paint consists of colors or dyes so mixed with oil, glue, or water as to spread easily over a surface, and retain its brilliancy after drying. It is usual to add a dryer, and a solvent or thinner to paints before using them. The principal oil used in oil painting is that which is made from flaxseed. This linseed oil is purified by allowing it to settle for about four months in tanks with a certain temperature. Dryers are employed to harden the painted surface before it can become dimmed by absorbing the dust with which the atmosphere is charged. They take in oxygen from the air with great rapidity, while the air takes up the damp oil. A successful dryer is lead and manganese compounds dissolved in oil. Turpentine is the best of solvents. The advantage of using turpentine is that, as it is slow to evaporate it keeps the paint moist long enough to allow of the brush marks sinking and flattening out into a smooth surface. Benzine, which is sometimes employed as a solvent, evaporates too rapidly, and leaves the surface uneven. Paints can be rendered to a high degree fireproof by mixing with them boric acid or a soft and readily fusible glass. The heat melts the boric acid or the glass which forms an air proof sheath to the wood or other substance so painted, and thus protects them pretty efficiently from the flames. The most permanent of the blue paints is ultramarine, while Prussian blue and indigo are liable to fade. Cobalt, however, is the most lasting of all blues. Among the reds the only really unchanging colors are vermilion and the madders; madders, carmines and crimson lakes are likely to fade, the last two very rapidly. Oxide of chromium and terre verte are the only permanent greens; Naples yellow, raw sienna, cadmium, and yellow ochre the only permanent yellows. Madder brown and Vandyke brown will fade, but raw and burnt umber and burnt sienna retain their tint forever. All the known blacks and whites are durable excepting when the latter are adulterated with chalks.

THE 17-YEAR LOCUST

Please tell something of the 17-year locust.—H. C. K., Nickelsville, Va.

The 17-year cicada which is wrongly called the 17-year locust, is the longest lived of any known insect, as the grub or nymph lives for over 16 years, sucking the roots of forest trees, often several feet below the surface; in the late spring it finishes its transformations, and usually at the last of May or the beginning of June issues in enormous numbers from the ground. This appearance of the 17-year brood dates as far back as 1633. At the present time each year has its brood or broods, each limited, as a rule, to a well defined district. There are thirty of such broods scattered over a large area in the Atlantic and central states. The southern limits are northern Georgia and the western limits eastern Nebraska and Kansas.

UNITED STATES NAVY

Please tell how many vessels in the United States navy.—E. A., Aurora, Ind.

There are 39 torpedo boats in the navy of the United States. The following are the names of the battleships and cruisers. The Alabama, Connecticut, Georgia, Idaho, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Kearsarge, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maine, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, Nebraska, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Ohio, Oregon, Rhode Island, South Carolina, Texas, Vermont, Virginia and Wisconsin. The Delaware, Michigan and North Dakota are being constructed. The Florida and the Utah have not yet been contracted for. The armored cruisers are the Brooklyn, California, Colorado, Maryland, Montana, New York, North Carolina, Pennsylvania, South Dakota, Tennessee, Washington and West Virginia. The protected cruisers are the Albany, Atlanta, Baltimore, Boston, Charleston, Chattanooga, Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Columbus, Denver, Des Moines, Galveston, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Newark, New Orleans, Olympia, Philadelphia, Raleigh, San Francisco and St. Louis.

BELVA LOCKWOOD

I would like to have you give a sketch of the life of Belva Lockwood.—B. A., Clio, W. Va.

Belva Ann Bennett Lockwood, the American lawyer and reformer, was born October 24, 1830. She was graduated from Genesee college in New York state in 1857, immediately beginning to teach school. She was married first to a man named McNall, and in 1863 to Doctor Ezekiel Lockwood. She studied law at Washington and was admitted to the bar in the District of Columbia. Before she had obtained the passage of several bills which had to do with the rights of women, one of them being that women could practice before the U. S. supreme court. She has had several important law cases, some of which were before this court. Mrs. Lockwood has been active in temperance, peace and woman suffrage movements, and in 1884 and 1888 was the nominee of the Equal Rights party for president of the United States. She has been interested for several years in the claims of the North Carolina Cherokee Indians, and in 1900 had a bill before congress to prevent encroachment upon the territory.

THE SIAMESE TWINS

Will you please tell what you can about the Siamese twins?—G. L., Charleston, Ill.

The Siamese twins were born April 15, 1811, and died January 17, 1874. Their birthplace was in Siam, but they died in North Carolina. The name was given to two individuals of Chinese extraction, named Chang and Eng. In 1829 they were brought to the United States and were used for exhibition purposes, after which they settled down near Mt. Airy in North Carolina and took up the occupation of farmers. They differed widely in appearance, character and strength, performed their physical functions separately, and were addicted to different habits, Chang being intemperate and irritable, Eng sober and patient. Both were married and had large families of children, a number of whom died young, but showed no malformation at all.

VENTRILOQUISM

Will you give a description of ventriloquism?—F. H., Hayes, S. D.

The art of ventriloquism is that of speaking so as to cause an illusion that the voice has its origin in other than the vocal organs of the speaker. It was known to the ancients and was prohibited by the law of Moses. It only takes practice to acquire the art, for the words uttered by the ventriloquist are formed in precisely the same manner as in ordinary speech, the difference being mainly in the mode of respiration. A very full respiration is taken and the air is expired slowly through a narrow glottis, the diaphragm being kept in its depressed condition and the thoracic muscles alone being used to empty the lungs. At the same time the lips are scarcely moved. The deception is made easier by the attention of the auditors being directed to the object which the performer wishes to be regarded as the source of the voice.

BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG

Will you please give a description of the battle of Gettysburg?—M. M., Dooley, Va.

The battle of Gettysburg lasted from July 1 to 3, 1863. It was fought between the confederates under Gen. Lee and the union army under Meade. When Lee invaded Pennsylvania he was compelled to retreat by Meade's army, which threatened his rear. So it was decided by Lee to venture a battle, expecting in case of victory to march on to Washington, and if defeated to secure a direct line of retreat into Virginia. So the confederate forces were concentrated at the village of Gettysburg, Pennsylvania. It was on the first day in July that the advances of the two armies met at Gettysburg and an engagement ensued in which both sides were reinforced. Reynolds, the commander of the federal advance, was killed and Howard succeeded him. The latter maintained his position on Cemetery hill, south of the town. Gen. Meade arrived during the afternoon. On the second day the federal army occupied a strong position in the form of a semicircle, with its convex center toward Gettysburg and including the elevations of Cemetery Hill and Round Top. About noon Lee began a general attack on the federal center, which was followed by an attack on the right. He gained only a slight advantage. At the end of the second day it could be seen that if Cemetery hill was captured it would mean that the key to the federal position was lost to Lee. But this hill was defended by a battery of about 80 guns. On the next day Lee massed upward of 100 guns on Seminary ridge, with which he opened fire on the federal position early in the afternoon. The bombardment, which lasted one hour and one-half, was followed by two grand assaults, which were repulsed. Lee then retired on the fourth day. The forces engaged in this battle numbered between 70,000 and 80,000 on each side. The loss to the northern troops was 2,834 killed, 13,709 wounded and 6,643 missing, making a total of 23,186. The total confederate loss was 31,621.

BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS

Please tell all you can concerning the battle of New Orleans.—M. J. M., Dooley, Virginia.

The battle of New Orleans was fought January 8, 1815, between a force of 12,000 British under Gen. Edward Pakenham and one of 6,000 Americans under Gen. Andrew Jackson. Jackson had placed his men in a strongly entrenched position and there awaited Pakenham's assault. The battle only lasted 25 minutes, when the British fell, leaving behind them 2,070 killed and wounded. Their commander was among the slain. It is said that in this battle the weight and precision of the American fire was such that no troops in the world could have withstood it. One British regiment which had been distinguished for its services in all parts of the world, lost more than half its men, having been brought to a point where it could do no good, but where it could be most effectually operated upon by the Americans. The British troops acted all right but they were badly handled.

PELLAGRA

Will you give what information you can about the disease known as pellagra?—W. A. L., Henderson's Roads, Tenn.

The dreaded disease called pellagra is common in northern Italy, in the south of France, in Spain and in countries further east in southern Europe. It begins with an eruption on the skin, which breaks out in spring, continues till autumn and disappears in winter. It affects those parts of the surface which are always exposed to the sun and the air. The disease is accompanied or preceded by remarkable lassitude, melancholy, moroseness, hypochondriasis and not seldom by suicidal mania. With its progress and duration the disorder becomes more aggravated, with shorter and shorter intervals in winter. At length the surface ceases to clear itself and becomes permanently enveloped in a thick, livid, leprous crust, somewhat resembling the dried and black skin of a fish. By this time the vital powers are reduced to a very low ebb, and not seldom the intellectual functions as well. The victim loses the use of his limbs, especially of the palms and soles, tormenting the victim night and day. To these severe afflictions are often added strange hallucinations. The disease, when advanced, takes the form of many other maladies, such as tetanus, convulsions, epilepsy, dropsy, mania and marasmus, the patient being at last reduced to the appearance of a mummy. It is mainly confined to the poor residing in the country districts, and is seldom seen in very young children. The cause of the disease is traced to the eating of altered maize, in which putrefaction occurs during the warm season.

AMOS KENDALL

Will you please give me a short biography of the life of Amos Kendall?—E. D. S., Townville, Pa.

Amos Kendall, the American journalist and statesman, was born August 16, 1789, and died November 11, 1869. After he graduated from Dartmouth he began the study of law and was admitted to the bar of Kentucky in 1814. He was connected with several newspapers during his residence in that state. In 1829 he was appointed the fourth auditor of the United States treasury, and during the Jackson administration he was extremely influential. He aided in the formation of the anti-bank policy, was a special treasury agent to conduct negotiations with state banks. It is said he was the author of several of Jackson's state papers. He was appointed postmaster-general by Jackson in 1835, but in 1840 he resigned because of ill health. Kendall was instrumental in clearing the postoffice department of debt, and also introduced a number of reforms. In 1845 he became associated with Morse in the management of the Morse telegraph patents, and by his able direction insured their commercial success and a fortune for himself. He spent much money in Washington for philanthropic purposes.

CULTURE OF PEANUTS

Will the Question Bureau please tell me how to raise peanuts?—J. E. P., Roann, Ind.

Peanuts thrive best upon very light, sandy loam, well supplied with lime. They are also favored by an early warm spring and a hot, humid summer. The soil should be deeply plowed and finely harrowed, and the unshelled seeds, at the rate of about two bushels to the acre, should be planted about an inch deep, at intervals of a foot, in rows about 30 inches apart, as soon as the weather has become settled in spring. Until the plants shade the ground the surface must be kept loose and open and free from weeds especially turf forming grasses and similar weeds. Before danger of frosts the plants are harvested with special implements, dried in loose shocks, for two or three weeks, the pods removed and sent to "recleaning" establishments, where they are finished for market. Under ordinarily good management 50 bushels of peanuts and two tons of straw should be obtained from an acre.

THE CITY OF KIEV

Will you please tell me something concerning the city of Kiev, in Russia?—E. F., Clifton, Tenn.

The city of Kiev is on the Dnieper river. It was founded in the ninth century and is one of the oldest and most beautiful cities in Russia. The city consists properly of three towns, each with its own walls and fortifications. They are Petchersk, with the famous monastery of Petchersk, containing the tombs of many Russian saints; then comes Kiev proper with the celebrated cathedral of St. Sophia, and Podia, which is inhabited by the middle and lower classes. There is a university and several other educational institutions in the city. Its manufactures are not important, but its trade is extensive. The population in 1902 was 319,000.

MISCELLANEOUS

T. O., Moira, N. Y., and A. T., Warren, Ind.: You will have to communicate with a pension attorney for answers to your questions.

G. A. C., Canyonville, Ore.: It is against the rules of this column to answer the questions you ask.

L. O. E., Oakland City, Ind.: We cannot give you a biography of Louis Wetzel.

M. E. B., Alice, O.: Each of the members of Ohio's legislature receives $1,000 per session.

J. E. F., Freetop, N. C.: The several states have the sole right to determine the qualifications for voting within their respective boundaries and no other power can interfere.

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CHANGES IN RANK OF NATIONS

THIS year of census-taking, at the end of the first decade of the twentieth century, will witness changes in the relative position of nations as well as cities and other civic divisions.

It is not alone in the United States that rates of growth in population are very unequal. Countries lose and gain in rank, like American states.

The first three places in the list of great empires remain as they were ten years ago, as far as can be determined without a census in China.

It is still probable that the Chinese empire is first in the world in the number of its inhabitants, although that distinction may belong to the much more extensive possessions of Great Britain.

The Russian empire is surely third. It has more white men and women than live under any other flag.

Fourth place among the nations is not quite certain. It may belong to France and its colonies, although the United States probably has the better claim.

This country has much more than double the population of France itself, but the American republic, with its outlying possessions added, is only a little ahead of France and the French colonies. The best estimates place the total for the latter at about 92,000,000, but the population of regions like the French Congo can only be guessed at, and there is no accurate information about Tonkin.

The United States will show about 90,000,000 people, without counting the island possessions lately acquired. With them, the total is certainly not less than 98,000,000. It is more probably 100,000,000.

If the French possessions have no greater population than the best authorities estimate, there has been a change, in the last ten years, in fourth place among the nations of the earth. France, with the French possessions, has lost that position to the United States, with American possessions overseas.

Germany, including the colonies of the German empire ,is firmly established in the sixth place among the nations, in point of population. About 76,000,000 or 77,000,000 people live under the German flag.

While King Leopold held the sovereignty of the Congo Free State as a personal prerogative it was impossible to class that great region of Central Africa as a Belgian colony or as belonging to Belgium. Now it is an open question whether the Congo State may not fairly be rated a Belgian possession.

If this is done Belgium has shot up in the decade now ending, past several nations, in respect to the number of its subjects.

The Congo State probably has not less than 20,000,000 inhabitants. Some authorities estimate the population at 30,000,000 . It is at least enough to place Belgium and its dependencies above Spain and the few remaining Spanish possessions, or Mexico, or even Brazil. Portugal and its extensive colonies have been dropped behind Belgium, and the Belgian territory in Africa, Persia is distanced.

The separation of Sweden and Norway drops both below various countries which the two Scandinavian states outranked in population, ten years ago.

Norway, as the smaller of the two nations created out of one, is placed below Argentina, Switzerland, Greece, Denmark, Peru, Chile. Afghanistan, Colombia, Roumania, Morocco, Siam, Servia and Venezuela all of them formerly inferior to Sweden and Norway united, in the number of their inhabitants.

Another striking change in position among the nations which has taken place in the last decade is the rise of the Argentine. That fine republic has gone up past Roumania, Sweden, probably Morocco and perhaps Siam.

The rate of growth in Argentina, and the present position of that country, indicate that within five years it will gain a still higher position among the nations. Few anywhere can equal its proportion of gain or rate per cent of expansion.

In many cases, as in respect to several countries of South America, which are not greatly different in the number of their inhabitants and are almost equally destitute of complete and accurate vital statistics and census figures, it is impossible to determine positively their changes in position and their actual numerical size. However, it matters little in any way whether Bolivia has more or fewer inhabitants, for instance, than Venezuela.

It is far more important to take notice of the remarkable growth of countries which are not strictly independent, such as Canada and British South Africa. In due time there will be new members of the great family of nations, and they will take their places grown to imposing proportions.

ROOSEVELT'S FOUR FAVORITE HEROES

New York Times.

EPICTETUS and Themistocles must now give way to Timoleon in the Hall of Fame. Ex-President Roosevelt has brought him to the front. If Mayor Gaynor and Mr. Roosevelt keep this up the time will soon come when American newspaper readers will cease to find their knowledge of great men limited to Matty, Jack Johnson and Harry Lauder.

Considering the way in which Mr. Roosevelt made Bunyan's "man with a muckrake" a popular character by casually mentioning him in a speech, it is hardly too much to expect that he can make a success of Timoleon when it turns out that that statesman is much nearer to his heart than Bunyan's creation.

Mr. Roosevelt has also reintroduced John Hampden to the public. But this is not so important, for according to the last census there were as many as 11 or 12 American adults who knew who Hampden was, whereas an advertisement for tired business men who know something about Timoleon would not draw forth as many replies.

The Associated Press dispatches printed in last Sunday's newspapers contained the following information:

"Speaking of the late king's tact today, Mr. Roosevelt gave an illustration of what he termed the finer sense of things which the king possessed.

"'Next to the ring John Hay gave me,' he said, 'I value the miniature of John Hampden that King Edward sent me after I became President. That was a present a sovereign could make with dignity, and one a democratic President could accept. All historians and royalists agree that Hampden was a good man. The king must have known that Hampden was one of my four heroes—Timoleon, Hampden, Washington and Lincoln. Such a selection as the miniature showed extreme tact.'

"Everybody has the instinct of heroworship and has his heroes, from the man who tries to model his life after St. John the Divine to him who seeks to emulate Monk Eastman. It is interesting to learn who are the heroes of Theodore Roosevelt.

There is the strongest possible likeness among them, a likeness so strong as to indicate the kind of qualities which excite Mr. Roosevelt's admiration.

All four were advocates of freedom. Each fought for it in his own way. Three of them established it. The fourth died fighting for it.

All four were men devoid of show, ostentation, or theatricalism. All were men of consummate patience, sagacious, far-seeing, single-hearted and devoted to an ideal.

Macaulay's description of Hampden might stand equally for a description of Timoleon or of Washington:

"The celebrated Puritan leader is an almost solitary instance of a great man who neither sought nor shunned greatness, who found glory only because glory lay in the plain path of duty."

Timoleon, Washington and Hampden fought to overthrow tyranny. Timoleon and Washington overthrew it. Timoleon and Washington presided over the erection of free institutions in place of the tyranny they overthew. Hampden began the fight against tyranny and for free institutions, which was taken up by others and carried to victory after his death. Lincoln and Hampden died for the cause in which they were enlisted; Timoleon and Washintgon gave their lives for it. All four were warriors for democracy.

Timoleon destroyed the tyrants of Sicily. Hampden led the movement to overthrow the tyrant of England. Washington overthrew tyranny in America.

All four were not only reformers, but statesmen. Timoleon and Washington governed the countries they freed.

In the fourth century B. C. the Greek cities in Sicily were bleeding under the terrible rule of the Tyrants and the assaults of their Carthaginian enemies. Unable to repulse the latter, they appealed to Corinth for assistance. The Corinthians sent them a small force and picked out Timoleon as its leader.

Timoleon had already made himself famous as a lover of liberty. He had saved the life of his brother Timophanes in battle, but when Timophanes attemtped to overthrow the liberties of Corinth and make himself Tyrant Timoleon killed his brother and saved the freedom of the city.

Timoleon had only 700 men. His first task, before engaging the Carthaginians, was to meet the Tyrants. After a hard campaign, in which he had to contend with attempted assassination as well as with open warfare, he defeated them and established himself as undisputed master of Syracuse.

He might easily have made himself Tyrant, but, as Washington rejected Knox's overtures to make himself king, so Timoleon determined that neither himself nor any other person should be a despot in Syracuse. One of his first acts was to destroy the citadel, which had been the seat of the Tyrants for so many years.

Next he adopted measures to repeople the city, which had become so deserted in the course of years of tyranny and warfare that grass was growing in the market places and whole streets were uninhabited.

He offered free land to colonists from Corinth and soon had 60,000 immigrants. Next he proceeded to enact laws for their government, and he established a democratic constitution in the city long given over to the irresponsible rule of the Tyrants. Under it the Chief Magistrate was elected annually. The democratic system put into force by him lasted for centuries—in fact, it was still in force in the reign of Augustus.

He spent the next two or three years partly in arranging the internal affairs of Syracuse, partly in destroying the remaining Tyrants, and partly in a victorious war against the hitherto invincible Carthaginians.

Having restored peace to all Sicily, Timoleon directed its affairs with wisdom and justice, although he remained a private citizen of Syracuse. He repeopled the great cities of Agrigentum and Gela, which had been desolated by the Carthaginians, and settled colonies in other cities. But he would not accept any office or assume any title.

Freedom of speech and equality before the law were among the institutions established by him. The anecdotes told of him are such as might have been told of Washington or Hampden.

Once, for instance, a demagogue named Demaenetus made a speech in the popular assembly attacking Timoleon's public conduct with the utmost violence. Timoleon's comment was to offer thanks to the gods for granting his prayer that the Syracusans might enjoy freedom of speech.

On another occasion another demagogue, Laphystius, demanded that Timoleon should give bail to answer an indictment that had been brought against him. Timoleon's friends began to raise a clamor, but Timoleon himself put them down, saying that it had been the object of his whole work to make the law the same for all Syracusans, high or low.

He became blind shortly before his death, but the Syracusans continued to go to him as before for advice on all matters of difficulty. There is no blemish on his fame except his failure to protect from the wrath of the people the wife and sister of one of the conquered Tyrants.

Such is one of the men who furnishes inspiration to Theodore Roosevelt. In another, John Hampden, Macaulay sees "the sobriety, the self-command, the perfect soundness of jugment, the perfect rectitude of intention, to which history furnishes no parallel, or furnishes a parallel in Washington alone."

A FINE KIDNEY REMEDY.

Mr. A. S. Hitchcock (Clothing Dealer), East Hampton, Conn., says if any sufferer from a Kidney or Bladder trouble will send him their address he will gladly and without charge direct them to the splendid remedy that successfully used at home in his own case.

Ohio Village a Family Affair.

Hamilton Cor. Indianapolis News.

Examiner D. O. Hester of the state bureau of inspection and supervision of public offices today returned a report showing that the village councilmen of Jacksonburg have paid their salaries of $186 without the formality of passing an appropriating ordinance. Jacksonburg is novel among Ohio villages. It is probably the smallest incorporated village in America. It has but 68 inhabitants and 17 voters. Of the 17 voters, 12 hold village offices of one sort or another.

The village is run as a sort of family affair and the councilmen did not think it worth while to pass appropriating ordinances.

In the Spanish city of Valencia, the continual tendency of the butchers' association and combinations of butchers and cattle salesmen to increase prices is met by the municipal authorities establishing what are called "regulating butchers' stalls," at which first-class beef and mutton are sold by the municipality at cost prices, plus a moderate profit.

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ITCH-ECZEMA FREE TRIAL

(Also called Tetter, Salt Rheum, Pruritus, Milk-Crust, Weeping Skin, etc.)

ECZEMA CAN BE CURED TO STAY, and when I say cured, I mean just what I say—C-U-R-E-D, and not merely patched up for awhile, to return worse than before. Now, I do not care what all you have used, nor how many doctors have told you that you could not be cured—all I ask is just a chance to show you that I know what I am talking about. If you will write me TO-DAY, I will send you a FREE TRIAL, of my mild, soothing, guaranteed cure that will convince you more in a day than I or anyone else could in a month's time. If you are disgusted and discouraged, I dare you to give me a chance to prove my claims. By writing me to-day you will enjoy more real comfort than you had ever thought this world holds for you. Just try it, and you will see I am telling you the truth.

Dr. J. E. Cannaday, 1071 Park Square, Sedalia, Mo.

References—Third National Bank, Sedalia, Mo. Could you do a better act than to send this notice to some poor sufferer of Eczema?

She Won't Pay Taxes

MISS BELLE SQUIRES

MISS SQUIRES is a Chicago woman who refuses to pay a personal property tax until she is allowed to vote, and, with hundreds of other women to sustain her in that decision, has been one of the organizers of the "No Vote No Tax League." A year ago she was threatened with suit because she had not paid her tax bill. In reply to the bill she sent a letter to the county attorney explaining in a courteous way that "not being a person in the eyes of the government, said government had no right to sue her 'personally.'" The point was not lost and at the time no further action was taken, though later a spirited correspondence ensued, part of which appeared in the daily papers. A mass meeting was held and the league was the result.

Flying Machine Market

EVEN those Americans who have been most impressed by the feats of the aeroplane experts, such as the Wrights, Paulhan, Curtiss, Bleriot and Latham, can hardly be prepared to learn from the London Economist, a solid organ of the financial world, that the market for some popular flying machine is practically cornered by speculators who are confident that they will be able to make a handsome margin over the manufacturers' prices, by selling to eager buyers.

For example, the Bleriot monoplanes, such as the first flying machine to cross the English channel, is sold by the makers at about $2,400, but the middlemen have bought up three months' output ahead of deliveries, in the confident expectation of realizing a large profit. For immediate delivery of a Bleriot machine $3,700 has been paid.

Some other aeroplanes which are in high favor cost much more. The price of the big and power

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, JUNE 23, 1910.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover each week all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the home of the free American people.

TERMS—POSTAGE PAID.

Single copy, weekly, one year, $1.00; six months, 60 cents; three months, 30 cents. Write for club terms.

SPECIMEN COPIES sent, postpaid, free to any address. Send for one, and at the same time give us the address of a dozen or so of your friends. Address

THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio

Entered at the postoffice at Toledo as second-class mail matter.

The Weekly Blade has over a million readers a week.

Blade Advertisements

By allotting a limited portion of its space to advertisements, The Weekly Blade is enabled to give its subscribers a very low subscription rate. Without advertising, the subscription price would necessarily be many times what it is today. Therefore the merchant who is buying space in The Blade is helping the subscriber. Is it more than fair that the subscriber should reciprocate? This he can do by carefully reading the advertising matter that appears in these columns. If he sees the goods he wants it will be to his advantage to buy of The Blade advertiser. Prompt communication with the man who has something to sell through the columns of this paper will bring a quick reply.

The country is all right now.

Anyway, the aeroplane won't stir up any dust as it goes by.

Some day dying poor may become a fad among millionaires.

Making June weather to fit the poetry is a splendid idea.

The robin has all of us beaten. He can sing before breakfast.

There seems to be some excitement in leading the life of an insurgent.

Leaving a political party is not Senator Dolliver's idea of improving it.

The Wright brothers teach their young men how to fly. What a noble calling.

Anyway, there will be no "dead man's crossing" along the route of an aeroplane.

In these days of successful aviating we should not forget that Darius Green did his best.

Love of the flag and hatred of graft are good things to instill into the minds of schoolboys.

To have an absolutely safe and sane Fourth, the oratory should be regulated by law.

"Gets his bride by mail," says a headline. Slow. Why didn't he use the telegraph?

"Flying on the wings of the morning" will have to give way to the more modern methods.

He may not have been born yet, but the future will doubtless produce a fool to rock the biplane.

Everybody admires a brave man, not overlooking the fellow who married his stepmother.

Mrs. Harry K. Thaw says she can't live on $70 a week. She doesn't blame the trusts, however.

Maybe the Indiana man who planted liver pills in his garden will get a crop of kidney beans.

Richard Parr receives $100,000 for telling a sugar trust secret. No woman could have done better.

A great many men will now resume the fascinating pastime of mentioning Mr. Roosevelt for President.

The kaiser intends to call himself "High Admiral of the Air." Sounds something like a circus title.

Governor Gillette waited till he was sure he was right and then went ahead. But who pushed him?

If the English sparrow would take vocal lessons from the other birds, and learn to sing, all would be forgiven.

It must be a comfortable feeling for a man to come home from Europe and find the country waiting at the gate.

Having been deluged with honors so often, Mr. Roosevelt must have become an expert at swallowing the lump in his throat.

King George seems to be satisfied with his new job. He hasn't complained of the long hours he has to reign every day.

Many people may decide to do some traveling by aeroplane just as soon as they can be assured that they won't have to walk home.

The greatest danger from aviation may come when the amateurs get busy with the construction of all sorts of home-made aircraft.

One southern paper says: "Mr. Roosevelt seems to know everything that everybody else knows." And he seems to know it better.

"A prominent anatomist says we can train our toes to do anything we can do with our fingers." We'd like to see him lace his shoes with his toes.

"Vermont protests against the increased freight rates on tombstones." By the way, how many tombstones to the acre is Vermont harvesting this year?

Mr. Bryan says the sum of human knowledge cannot be compressed into a book. Then the agents must lie about some of the books they try to sell us.

The steerage passengers who saw Mr. Roosevelt on board the Kaiserin Augusta Victoria were glad they were on their way to a country that could produce such a man.

AN AMERICAN.

It was in the days following the war with Spain when the fact was dawning upon the understanding of Americans that their country was become a real, instead of a long-fancied, world power. The word expansion had a thrill in it. Imperialism was a term employed as a warning and was accepted as flattery. The Great Personality of the war was touring in the west. As his train approached one of the larger cities a swarm of reporters climbed aboard and demanded immediate talk-views, stories, history, pathos, poetry—they didn't care much which, so it was something to put on the wires, for then, as now, the country was mightily interested in what the Great Personality had to say.

"Suppose," he said whimsically, "that you ask me something?"

A reporter spoke up:

"Colonel, was it San Juan or Kettle hill that you climbed?"

For one astonishing moment the click of the wheels could have been counted. There was the stillness and the threat that comes before a tremendous storm. Instinctively, hands clutched at seat arms for thunder and lightning were indicated in the colonel's eyes. Then the cloud passed. The Great Personality smiled on the reporter, almost, it seemed, with admiration for his magnificent impudence.

"Do you know," he said, "I don't know what hill or which hill it was. But it was as steep as some hotel bills I've met with and where there should have been oxygen in the air there was lead."

In the memory of one reporter, at that time very young and very green, that picture of Theodore Rooseevlt, conquering his anger, meeting a minor crisis, will always linger as the foremost, most striking impression of the man. It was a little thing, but charged with volts and ohms and kilowatts of possibilities for disaster in the wonderful career to be. To answer that impertinence with wrath was to publish a bad temper. It was to open up a controversy of the kind and dimensions of the Sampson-Schley order, invite scorn and biting wit, a whole circus parade of hoots and jeers and misunderstandings and quarrels. Met as it was it was a mere incident which, so far as is known to us, never got past the space-saver's blue pencil.

When you review the bursts of anger recorded in the life of Roosevelt you note that they never were over little things. Sometimes they were so fitted to the situation that they seemed to have been inspired by deep political acumen. The country has never been greatly pleased over the libel suits against those who invented the Panama purchase lies. They appeared rather trivial policies for a President who had been deluged with oceans of vilification and been attacked by hordes of unscrupulous writers. But, in the light of events, those suits are now understood. They showed up a number of posuers for what they were—cowards. They proved rabid critics of the courts to be perfectly willing to take refuge behind technicalities. Yellow journalism was displayed for what it was—yellow in heart as it was in coat. Mr. Roosevelt fell into many errors, yet they were forgiveable errors, free of meanness. He has been unfair, but the unfairness was that of a strong man who loves his friends and hates his enemies without reservation in either love or hate.

Lately there came to our desk a pamphlet in which was the preposterous suggestion that Roosevelt be made the "President of the World." In another pamphlet, written by one who was stirred to wild indignation by the criticisms of the ex-President, appears an amusing set of comparisons between Roosevelt and Moses and Caesar, Alexander and Cromwell, but most earnestly set forth. But where we smile over the extravagances of admirers we do so in sympathy. It is with perfect understanding of the point-of-view. Roosevelt has fired more than imagination. He has brought out the hero-worshipers, rank upon rank. There are those who would prefer to sign themselves, in communications to him, "your subject" to "your countrymen."

A great English writer, more given to cynicism than to praise, said that Roosevelt was "America for the first time vocal to itself." The characterization is all but the answer to a great enigma. It goes far to explain why a man sprung from an unobtrusive family has gained such an eminence in popular favor. It explains why one who talks platitudes is listened to with straining senses, why the most ordinary act of one man becames extraordinary when Roosevelt performs it. He is the American spirit mobilized, the American spirit not guiltless of faults, but courageous; not always wise, but with the daring and the nerve either to see the unwise action to a finish or to halt a blunder once perceived. He is "America vocal to itself."

When Roosevelt was in the White House a framed cartoon hung over the mantel of his private study. It pictured a farmer of the type familiar in the work of artists, sitting by the fire reading a newspaper over a page of which is sprawled a headline, "President's Message." When Lord Curzon visited the White House and asked Roosevelt the source of his power, the President pointed to the cartoon and said: "That is the man I'm working for."

In the hearts of Americans there was always that feeling—Roosevelt was working for them.

* * *

"One of the 'Plain People' Speaks."—

"I like the man because he seems to know
The thoughts of common men who reap and sow,
And dig their living from the rugged land,
And raise their quiet homes with brawn and hand.

"Because he works with joy, and makes us see
That he who labors best is really free;
That no one owns the spirit of a man
Who loves his task and does the best he can."

Indiana oats blades bear the letter B this year, and the farmers take it as a bad sign. Such pessimism is disgusting. B stands for "bully."

Elberta is a pretty name for a peach, but there are lots of peaches with names as common as Hannah and Jane.

Kansas has made divorces easier, probably on the theory that people are bound to have 'em, anyway.

ANOTHER STORY COMING.

Following the concluding chapters of At Odds With the Regent, The Blade will take up the publication of another story—a tale of mystery, but unlike the ordinary type. Its title is Half a Chance, written by Frederic S. Isham.

Half a Chance is the story of John Steele, who had less than half a chance. He is an American, and the tale of his upward striving is characteristically American. Born in the lowest dregs of society, but with a strain of fine parental blood, successively a roustabout, a sailor, a prize fighter, he is, in the end, unjustly convicted on British soil of a capital crime and deported to Australia. A shipwreck interferes with the execution of his sentence. Then, by an extraordinary coincidence comes his opportunity. He works, toils and triumphs. Courageously he goes back to find his honor in the place where he had lost it. After a heroic struggle he wins.

Half a Chance has all the thrilling incidents that a good story should possess. We feel sure that Blade readers will like it.

THE TRAVELER HOME.

The guns did roar. The cheering was according to schedule. The whistles blew and the banners twisted into new and astonishing curves, and everyone said: "Well! He's home!"

And forthwith everyone fell to discussing what he would say and what he would do.

Kings have been exalted with pleasing phrases and golden favors, but that was, most of it, for their high offices. Heroes have been greeted with bands, and papier machie arches have been erected in their honor, but the world has been accustomed, through many centuries, to pay tribute in ceremony to deeds of arms and could have gone through the form in sleep. But never before was a private citizen so welcomed from his travels. Upon no other man was there ever expended so much of gunpowder, lung power and steam, whole-heartedly and with gusto, as upon Roosevelt.

Knowing the man, his country feels that every cheer was appreciated and understood for what it was and what it meant. The mayor of New York was told that there was a a plain duty for an ex-president. And that surely was what his countrymen wanted Roosevelt to say. It keeps the discussion alive.

SOUTH GAINS, WE LOSE.

With the retirement of Senator Ben Tillman, ill-health having closed his official career, and of Senator Jeff Davis, Arkansas having decided it was sufficiently made ridiculous, the tone of southern statesmanship will take on a nobler hue. Neither of these gentlemen has done very well for a section which needed many things done for it. They have been reflective of minds of only relatively small parts of their constituency. Their graces were their own, not those of their people.

Yet the departure of Tillman and Davis cannot be accepted as entirely with a compliment to the south. They have a place which, if not entirely of a utilitarian nature, is still looked to for relief from the carp of care. They have contributed to the gayety of nations if any men have. When Senator Ben was in his best oratorical trim the most accomplished mule-driver was assured of a fresh stock of vituperation with every copy of the paper for which he subscribed. From the vast canon of the throat of Senator Jeff shot forth a wild stream of startling images, sentences untainted of grammar, glorious achievements in the amalgamation of the absurd with the brightest gems of school-boy syntax.

Ben Tillman must go. His health demands it. Jeff Davis is to go. Arkansas has so decreed. But what or who can ever take their place?

EXHAUSTED WARRIORS.

The war in Nicaragua is like the last of the rounds in a long fought prize-fight. The combatants are weak to fainting, bruised, fearfully unhappy and kept in courage only by the dread of what the spectators might say or do if they should cease their brutal exhibition.

Possibly one of the armies has the better of the battles. The toll of prisoners may be larger on one side than the lists of dead and wounded upon the other. But the advantages are not discernable at a distance. The two forces struggle for villages, burn the barns of plantations, pot laborers in the fields, and call the whole business a war. Trade is held up. Strangers flee the country. Industry is halted. The jungle encroaches upon the cultivated lands.

There was an outcry when the United States interfered a few months ago to speed the departure of a tyrannical and bloody-handed Central American president. If the stronger nations should step in now and halt this senseless, weakening war, there is every likelihood that the intervention would be gratefully welcomed by the combatants and the neighoring states would sing hallelujah.

THE PROBLEM OF DUST.

The information presented by the last issue of the Municipal Journal and Engineer concerns almost entirely the problem of dust upon road and street. Fully a dozen pages of the advertising section offer arguments and claims for material and methods to keep down this nuisance.

The good roads movement has become exceedingly complicated in the last few years by difficulties which came in the trail of the automobile. The pavements which have been found adequate, after many years of experience, for steel tired vehicles, will not do for the fast driven, rubber tired vehicles. The steel tires ground down stone and packed it, making the dust the binding material. The rubber tires tear the dust from amidst the heavier material and each succeeding machine scatters these particles over field and wood, in the homes of hard-working housewives, upon table and bed and in every corner where dust is damaging or dangerous. Villages that nestled once by high ways, green and cool, are made gray and repulsive. Streets are more quiet perhaps, but except where washed daily, they are scarcely less unclean.

The space given to the subject by the Municipal Journal and Engineer, reflective as it is of the tone and progress of city affairs, shows how extensive a problem is that of combating the dust. The automobile has come to stay. It will have a much wider development rather than a fall from favor. The roads and streets must be made to conform to the newer conditions. The dust is not a thing which can be suffered tranquilly.

WEAK STRATEGIES.

Upon the issue of the injunction against the western railroads, the eastern lines announced an increase in freight rates. The roads changed their minds about that. The companies in the northwest are dismissing laborers who have been at work upon new construction. Perhaps, after counting ten, these railroads will decide to hire the men again and go ahead with their betterments.

Both of these maneuvers, defiance of the injunction and dismissal of workmen, are in the nature of threats. The one was to show the government that it was meddling with forces which were rich and powerful. The other is to indicate what may be expected if permission is not granted to boost freights. The main contention of the companies is that increased rates are necessary in order that the increase in wages recently granted may be met without recourse to cutting dividends. The extra labor cost amounts to 4 per cent, according to a Wall street periodical. In the same publication appear the reports upon the gross earnings of 17 lines in the first week in June, the bigger and more prosperous lines not being included in the list. Every road, save two, has made a marked gain in earnings over the same period in 1909. The increases made by 15 roads run from 7 to 9 per cent. Those which lost, two Mexican roads, show decreases of $1,000 and $5,961 in the week as compared with June 1-7, 1909. If these earnings reports mean anything it is that the increased wages are more than met by the greater business.

Behind the material sent out by the roads for public consumption are arguments of more real meaning—the need of money for improvements, the demands for construction, payments for which must be made at once and returns upon which will be slow, the replacement of worn-out equipment. These are the points which will have influence with the interstate commerce commission, not the pother about labor costs. The railroads would do well to stop that nonsense, so proved by their own figures, and to cease attempting to threaten the federal government into doing their bidding.

WHY THERE ARE HEYBURNS

The far west, still in the stages of building, is naturally more concerned with the conservation movement than any other section. It reads the doctrine as a tenet of the day, not of tomorrow, or of the generations to come. A part of it has dreams of swift individual accomplishments and seriously objects to any idea of fences upon its vista of freedom, of barriers to its ambition to win and accumulate and grasp the opportunity that invites. Another part beholds the saving of forests, the protection of water courses, the equable distribution of lands, as the greater blessing, but it hesitates to advocate it with whole heart since the greater blessing is one that must be waited for. So it is that the exploiters, those who would take the gifts and take them now, have the stronger influence, the louder voice. They lead while the ones who do not subscribe to their platform are confused and hesitate.

Senator Heyburn reflects the position of the private interest as against the public interest. He can kick holes in the Pinchot arguments, misquote government statistics, oppose everything and everyone who stands against the exploiters and still find himself respected and applauded in his own section. He is not all his people vocal, but he is that part of his people vocal who alone are ready and willing to speak.

A fallacy is victorious sometimes because there is no strong advocate for the truth. The Heyburns are mighty inasmuch as they talk—whether good or bad—and the others are silent.

A FAR REACHING PRECEDENT

The indictment of Patten and the other cotton manipulators would be received more jubilantly by those who feel they might, directly or indirectly, have suffered by reason of the "corner," if they could perceive how far such a policy of prosecution might be carried. The possibilities of the Sherman anti-trust law have hardly been sounded. It was passed ostensibly to compel, to assure, competition. It is now known that it can be evoked to suppress competition. Congress had commerce in mind. The law is applicable to trade unions and might, with little stretching, be quoted in an action to disorganize a fraternal benevolent association.

A shrewd grocer notes that butter is bound to rise. He "tips" off a few friends and butter is bought against the day when it is perceived that supplies are short. This, wanting the methods employed, is a case in miniature of the cotton corner. If commerce is not to take advantage of the shifting elements of supply and demand it will mean the abandonment of a practice as old as trade itself. If the government is to intervene in big campaigns such as that in cotton, it, very logically, could be expected to halt a bull movement in hay or in oil of cinnamon.

The country would lose nothing if it lost all the Pattens. Yet the prosecution of that crowd constitutes a precedent which will be considered very dubious.

There comes a crisis in the life of every man when he must rise above self and sentiment and perform his duty to the public. Whistling Yankee Doodle without performing deeds is not patriotism. When you see a fly—**swat it!**

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN OURS.

When Charles N. Haskell became governor of Oklahoma those who had known him in his native Ohio instinctively assumed the attitude of listening. They were aware that, with the induction into office, events of a highly vibrant order were at hand. Things were about to be doing.

The administration of Haskell is punctuated duly and properly with exclamation points in keeping with expectations. After dispatching Colonel Guffy "back to your oil-tanks," he himself returned with garments stained by Standard Oil petroleum. Weeping and heart-sick, but yet with the strength to bellow his woe, he appealed to his state for money with which to prosecute its executive's slanderers. While echo still was jeering the government convinced a grand jury that Mr. Haskell's exploitations of Indian lands, while according to the code and custom of the time and district, were not according to the statutes made and provided. More reverberations! More explosions! From the Wichita mountains to the seat of the sacred guarantee of bank deposits the waves of sound beat and surged. Now comes news that the governor has moved the state capital by no more troublesome a process than pocketing the official seal and proceeding from Guthrie to Oklahoma City with such members of his administrative family as chose to take the risk of going along.

Sadly we reflect upon the opportunities which were within our doors and were permitted to depart almost in peace. These exciting bombinations, now faintly coming from the southwest to the straining ear, might have been heard with all their galvanism had their inspiration but remained in our midst. We were cold and he left us. We were indifferent and lips, lungs and brassy thorax departed—it may be for all time.

Whom shall we blame—Fate or the sheriff?

APPLAUSE BUT NOT APPROVAL.

When Speaker Cannon tours the country—as he has announced he will—in the interest of standpatism and in defense of himself, he will draw large and appreciative audiences. The people will be glad to see him and they will applaud with vigor.

But let not Uncle Joe be deceived. This country will always have a kindly interest in personalities. It likes men for their strength, or their human ways, their picturesque qualities, their mode of dress and even their fatness or their thinness. Colonel Ben Levett boldly confessed to his audience that he had changed his views so swiftly, in keeping with those of Henry Clay, that his toes were in the heels of his moccasins—and the audience was with Colonel Ben, heart and hand. Senator Jim Lane was called on to explain the killing of a man. His defense was that America had no greater friend of the widow and orphan than himself—and Kansas was satisfied.

Whether the voter is more logical than he used to be, or is less thankful for entertainment than he was, it would be hard to say. The fact remains that he is now considering principle where he was once influenced by personality. Joseph Cannon will be welcomed as a circus is welcomed. But the country won't endorse the circus at the polls.

TOADSTOOLS.

"There is," says the author of a little bulletin on mushrooms issued by the agricultural college of the Ohio State university, "no need of the unreasonable fear many people have of eating fungi."

This has been written apparently to take the sting out of the preceding sentence:

"Finally it is well to remember that one must use all proper precautions when gathering and preparing mushrooms for food."

The risk of poisoning from toadstools is, as we have understood, entirely in the gathering and preparation. Had people who picked these growths had the trained eye and the knowledge of botanists there would be no headlines of "death in toadstools" in the papers. Had they thrown away the decaying and those showing the attacks of disease-bearing insects, the annual warning would never be issued.

It has a reactionary sound to advise folk to beware at a time when food is high in price and students are hunting for new things for the table. But the lesson of toadstools is in the daily news. A public man once said that it was well to write letters if pains were taken to burn them before they were committed to the mails. Wild mushrooms are always safe if they are thrown away before they reach the kitchen.

ON PARTIES BREAKING UP.

There is one thing that can be predicted with certainty. The parties are not going to die without leaving some indication of what the successions are to be. They will not pass away until arrangements have been made for something to take their place. The attempt to interpret the discontent with political organizations fails when it turns to the future. It can give no reasonable picture either of the death or the heirship of the parties. No party of any strength in this country has ceased to be through mere inanition. There was always some violence at the close, a great and shattering issue to bring about a new alignment, to set people thinking in new ways, to waken hatred, or stir loyalty. Where is the issue now that can break up the parties?

The movement is one of cleansing the organizations of their dross and drift rather than of weaving shrouds. The experience under the scrubbing brush is sometimes disturbing, but it isn't reasonable to call it a revolution.

Luther Burbank has been requested to produce a seedless watermelon. If he can't do that he might go to work on the idea of having all the seeds grow in one end.

Every time the temperature gets up around 90, we're reminded of a line in the lamented Butler's poem—"Nothing to wear but clothes."

In New York now, two pints of milk make a quart. That man Gaynor is certainly a great mayor.

My Predecessor

WILLIAM H. TAFT, in Collier's

MR. ROOSEVELT and I came to know each other when he was chairman of the civil service commission and I was solicitor-general, in 1890 to 1892, in Washington. We were both subordinates in the Harrison administration. We lived in the same part of Washington, he on Nineteenth street, near the British embassy, and I on Dupont circle. Our wives knew each other well, and some of our children were born about the same time.

We found, after discussion, that we agreed in quite a marked way in our views of proper political ideals and proper political methods. We were as emphatic in the judgment that the political reformer who was not willing to accept conditions as they were as the basis for his action, and to work for the better things that were practical, without achieving all that he would like to achieve, was rather a hindrance than a help to progress, and merely assisted the permanent control of the boss and the machine. This, I think, has been the moving principle of Mr. Roosevelt's career. He has believed in practical progress and not in ideals which make for no real advancement.

After these two years I went upon the bench and left Washington, and only occasionally met him, though from time to time, as changes came in his career, we carried on a correspondence, and as crises would arise he would not infrequently write me to secure my judgment on particular situations.

No one associates with Mr. Roosevelt closely without having the strongest possible affection for him. His mind, his disposition, and his temperament are all of that class that would rather make him agree than disagree with the people with whom he comes in contact. But this is not to say that he does not enjoy a controversy and a fight according to the rules of the game, for he does. He believes as strongly as possible in teamwork, and I never served under any other man, or hope to serve under another man, so intensely loyal to the cause which we were both seeking to uphold and so generous in his acceptance of the full responsibility for his subordinates in the work as Theodore Roosevelt. I never served under another who was as generous in his praise of those who worked with him and who was as willing to accord more than their deserts to the men who were shoulder to shoulder with him in the fight. That characteristic of his has been calculated to tie men to him with bonds of steel.

The general theory that Mr. Roosevelt is of an exceedingly impulsive nature is, perhaps, justified to the extent of saying that he has a marvelous quickness for apprehending a question and reaching the nub of it, and almost an overwhelming desire to decide and get rid of the issue presented as promptly as possible. I never knew a man who worked as far in advance of what was to be done and who kept his engagements with reference to what he had agreed to do as providently as Mr. Roosevelt. Perhaps I value this virtue more highly because I lack it myself. The result of quick decision and action might have impaired the success of Mr. Roosevelt's career if it had not been that he has been freer than most men from that pride of opinion which prevents many men from admitting their error, reversing their judgment, and changing their course. I have had to do with a number of presidents and with a good many chiefs, and I am well within the truth when I say that I never met a man who, upon proper presentation, would reverse himself as willingly and with as little trace of obstinacy or unreasonableness as Mr. Roosevelt.

The relation between Mr. Roosevelt and myself has been one of close and sweet intimacy. It has never been ruffled in the slightest degree, and I do not think that we have ever misunderstood each other. Mr. Roosevelt's tastes and mine have not been the same. In the matter of athletics he takes to those games more violent than I am suited to and more violent than I like. He has the strongest literary sense and a power of application in reading current literature that to me is marvelous. He loves the woods; he loves the hunting; he loves life akin to that of the pioneer; he loves roughing it, and I don't.

Mr. Roosevelt never had the education and practice of a lawyer. His intense desire to reach practical results for good has made him at times impatient of the restraint of legal methods, while I have been trained as a lawyer and a judge and am as strongly imbued with the necessity for legal methods as 11 years on the bench are likely to make one; and yet, in spite of this difference of method and difference of temperament, it is quite remarkable to me, and we have frequently commented on it to each other, that we have been in agreement in our views as to the results that ought to be obtained in the matter of government and political progress, even to details, much more than other men who have come into association with both of us.

Mr. Roosevelt's courage in the expressions of his convictions I need not dwell upon. His real, and what one might almost describe as affectionate, interest in the welfare of the poor man, of the man who has great obstacles to meet and who has the odds against him in life's struggle, and the sincerity of his desire to help that class of men, no one who ever had to do with him could doubt; and his insistence has always been that the difficulty between the so-called classes in the country and the failure of educated lawyers and political economists and others to bring about proper relations between the well-to-do and those who are dependent upon wages for their living, arise from an absence of a proper point of view on the part of those who are leading comfortable lives. The confidence that the common, plain people, including the wage-earners, have had in Theodore Roosevelt as their representative and defender has been most perfectly placed; for there never was a champion more sincere in support of their real interests, and yet there never was a friend franker in his statement to them of the unpleasant truths that occasionally they ought to be told. Mr. Roosevelt understands the plain people about as well as Lincoln did, shares their feelings, and gives accurate expression to them. Hence his marvelous hold upon the great body of the people, which has continued to exist in undiminished strength in spite of the criticism heard of him and his methods in quarters more conspicuous than really significant.

When the friction of the last few months shall be forgotten, when the mists of momentary irritation shall have disappeared, the greatness of Theodore Roosevelt as President and leader of men in one of the great moral movements of the country's history will become clear to every one and he will take his place in history with Washington and Lincoln.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

WHAT ABOUT THE HYPOCRITE?

International Sunday School Lesson for June 26 Is, "The Parable of the Tares." Matthew 13:24-30; 36-43.

By William T. Ellis.

There are hypocrites. Plenty of them. The world abounds in hypocrites—hypocrite butterflies, hypocrite bugs, hypocrite worms, hypocrite birds, hypocrite reptiles, hypocrite beasts. Nor has the realm of lower life a monopoly; there are hypocrite statesmen, hypocrite business men, hypocrite lawyers, hypocrite doctors, hypocrite editors, hypocrite authors, hypocrite Christians—all claiming to be what they are not. There are even hypocrite sinners: persons pretending to be worse than they are. So long as human sight and understanding continue poor, hypocrisy will remain a factor in life. It may as well be admitted as such and dealt with frankly.

No Hypocrite Worries About It.

Some folk are troubled over this question of hypocrites. There always have been such anxious ones. People outside a church profess to be very much concerned over the hypocrites who wear the cloak of religion—although often, it may be feared, this attitude itself is hypocritical. That many church members are church members for appearance's sake is probably true, although the evidence would be hard for mortal to collect. That it may be true, is a source of worry and weakness to the church. Yet perhaps, after all, it should not be worried about.

There is a pointed story told by Jesus on this subject, and the application of it seems to be that hypocrites should not be fretted over by the servants of the Kingdom. Indeed, there is no need for anybody to worry about the hypocrites. Some tender consciences are disturbed lest they should belong to this category. No one who is so troubled is in any danger of hypocrisy. Those who are afraid of being hypocrites have the least need of being afraid. Herein hypocrisy is like the "unpardonable sin:" no one who is concerned over it is in any danger from it. One may be a weak, bungling Christian, but that is a far different matter from being a hypocrite. The hypocrite is one who deliberately serves the enemy in the guise of a friend. He is designedly making use of the outward appearance of religion in order to serve his own base purposes.

The Wheat and the Tares.

This great teaching Jesus put in story form. "The Kingdom of Heaven is likened unto the man who sowed good seed in his field, but while men slept, his enemy came and sowed tares also among the wheat, and went away. But when the blade sprang up and brought forth fruit, then appeared the tares also. And the servants of the householder came and said unto him: Sir, didst thou not sow good seed in thy field? Whence, then, hath it tares? And he said then unto them: An enemy hath done this. And the servants said unto him: Wilt thou then that we go and gather them up? And he said: Nay, lest haply while ye gather up the tares, ye root up the wheat with them. Let both grow together until the harvest, and in the time of the harvest I will say first to the reapers, Gather up first the tares and bind them in bundles to burn them; but gather the wheat into my barn."

In this graphic story, which is the clearest picture of hypocrites drawn by Jesus, we find old Satan at his planting. Some people would eliminate the devil; but that does not get rid of his work. No man who knows very much about real life holds petty little theories which have no place for old Satan. If anybody's faith in the existence of the devil needs strengthening, he has but to read the day's newspaper. If there he does not find him, he will find that some other power which might as well bear his name is doing devilish work in the world. All good must reckon with evil. The boy or girl who is sent out into life with no knowledge of this darker side of existence is unarmed for a real conflict. Let us face the fact of active, ceaseless and ingenious labor by the forces of sin.

The subtlety of the enemy in the story consisted in the fact that the tares, or darnel, as they are called, look quite like wheat at the beginning. It is not until the wheat begins to ripen that the darnel shows its true nature. There is an optimistic note in the point that the tares were sown in the grain field, and not the grain in the field of tares. The good predominates, despite the existence of the bad. Life is not all ill. While it is unwise to ignore the maligned, it is greater unwisdom to think only the things that are evil. The distrustful, suspicious person, who regards his fellow beings with an eye that attributes to them the worst, is just about the unhappiest mortal that encumbers this old earth.

The Test of the Harvest.

An impatient host of high-minded people want to reform the world over night. They have a detailed program for making over the human race, and they want it all put into operation at once. They overlook the many thousands of years during which man has been on the upgrade. Their motto is, "Do it now." They would legislate the old Adam out of human nature. In this they resemble the fussy servants of the householder of the parable.

But God has more patience. He knows how to wait. There are few more interesting studies in the field of theology than the patience of God. Why has He waited so long and endured so much? Why has He let man come to his present estate, which is none too high, by blow degrees? Why not enact a state of society wherein all men would be as the angels? Somehow we know that it belongs to the God-nature to be strong and to be patient. A child wants what he wants when he wants it. A mature person can wait and work through the years for a coveted prize. Said a father in self-consolation, having in mind his own wandering son: "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it'—when he is young he may wander, but he will come back when he is old."

"He that believeth shall not make haste. It is a part of ripeness of judgment to take the years into consideration. Young people wonder that political managers should be planning two and three years ahead for a presidential campaign. Already the newspapers of the United States are full of conjecture concerning the candidate for 1912. The long look is the mark of the big and the wise. Harvest is coming some day. That is the comfort of all who seek the world's weal. The grain is bound for the garner, and the tares for the fire. The tares know that they are tares; so does the Lord of the harvest. So what is the use of worrying about hypocrites in the church?

The Proof at the End.

Gaunt-visaged reformers in their zeal try to remedy age-long ills over night. The sad fact about reform movements is that they usually have to be done all over again. Not that such effort has not a place in life; but it is not the normal place. The Sunday school way is the better way: keep on cultivating the wheat; don't worry about the tares; they are God's business. Seek the good and do not fret overmuch about the bad. A constructive program of life and labor has the support of this parable, and of all the accumulated wisdom of the race. It is better for a person to express his powers positively, as by teaching a Sunday school class that lasts through the years, rather than to spend himself in hypocritical denunciations of evil.

The end proves all. It is rather unfashionable in these days to talk about the conclusion of the whole matter. Our modern cock-sure state of mind, which conveniently forgets its wild guesses about the comet's tail and the million lesser matters, is certain that all the questions of eternity are settled here on this little sphere called the earth. A few question this self-confident attitude. The older faith of a judgment day when accounts are evenly balanced is surely more reasonable, as the parable points out. Kipling is reported to have said one time: "There is surely Somebody somewhere who gives us our licks some time."

The Inevitable Reaping.

The field of the wheat and the darnel points forward to the inevitable harvest. The grain cannot escape the garner. None of God's own fall out of His hand. And the tares cannot escape destruction. There may be hypocrites in the church, but there are none in heaven. The old, old struggle between the contending forces of light and darkness on this earth is going to be ended some day. Then there will be no doubt as to which side one is on. In the terrific picture painted by the Master Himself, it is set forth that "the Son of man shall send forth His angels and they shall gather out of His kingdom all things that cause stumbling and they that do iniquity, and shall cast them into the furnace of fire: there shall be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father. He that has ears to hear, let him hear."

Varieties

The violet tinted potatoes stand highest in nutritive value.

The French and German armies lead in the matter of aerostation.

Western Siberia is seven times as large as the German empire.

Russia leads the way in planting forests, and America in devastating them.

Saturday half-holiday is recognized in 16 states of this country and two cities.

More than one-third of Turkey's total trading is done through Constantinople.

More than 3,000,000 pairs of blankets are woven in the United Kingdom annually.

The total school and college enrolment in this country in 1908 was 14,570,232.

The recently discovered Chamberlain falls in British Guiana are as large as Niagara.

There are at the present time over 21,000 varieties of postage stamps in the world.

In Scotland the legal age at which boys and girls may marry is 14 and 12 years respectively.

An English factory recently turned out a hat which was made to fit a mythical man 50 feet tall.

It is estimated that out of every 100 inhabitants of Great Britain and Ireland, 55 drink alcoholic beverages.

In many English prisons the women are addressed by their first names instead of by numbers, as the men are.

The figures for 1908 show that there were 464 universities, colleges and technical schools in the United States.

It is on record that a mass of gold weighing 50 pounds was taken from a Bolivian mine in former times by Spaniards.

The average height of the Adirondack plateau is about 2,000 feet, although there are many peaks that are over a mile high.

This is the real name of the dalai lama of Thibet: A-wang lo-pu tsang-to-pu-tan-chia-cho-chi-chai-wang-chu-chio-le-lang-chieh.

It was in her native country, Australia, that Mme. Melba received the largest sum ever paid to a singer for a single concert, viz., $10,700.

Chilean wine is said to measure well up to the average French and Spanish wines. The vineyards of Chile covered nearly 146,000 acres in 1909.

A new petroleum engine used on Swedish fishing vessels makes it possible to run a craft of 80 horse power for less than 90 cents an hour.

The largest wireless station in Europe, that on the Adriatic sea at Pola, Austria-Hungary, includes a 200-foot tower built on a foundation of glass.

The total value of the alcoholic beverages consumed in the United Kingdom in 1909 is estimated at £155,185,448, which is a decrease of £5,897,997 in a year.

St. Louis now has a concrete building 57 feet high, which hasn't a single window. It is illuminated in the daytime by means of a skylight in the roof.

Dr. A. T. Schofield has written a book on nervousness, in which he advises those who want a cure for the modern disease of "worry" to go out into the country and work there.

Old ladies who sip peppermint essence will be horrified at the chemists' report, which shows that lager beer contains only 4 per cent of alcohol and peppermint essence 23 per cent.

An attachment for acetylene automobile headlights has been invented by which the gas may be lighted by short-circuiting the regular sparking system with a switch from the driver's seat.

A popular estimate of negroes in the United States is 10,000,000. That is far from correct. There are not fewer than 18,000,000 today in this country, and there are 4,600 colored babies born every day.

Rudolph Sze, a Chinese boy, has just walked away with the University of Pennsylvania scholarship which is yearly awarded by competitive examination to a District of Columbia high school student.

According to the syllabus of the board of education on temperance and hygiene, about two-thirds of the United Kingdom's total drink bill, or nearly $10,000,000 a week, is spend by the working classes.

A warship is to be constructed in Brazil by public subscription. A sum of 30 cents a head of the population, estimated at 20,434,000, would give somewhat more than two-thirds of the $9,000,000 required.

Since the Dutch philosopher Leeuwenhoek discovered that the pupa of the flea was sometimes preyed on by the larva of a mite, it has been well known that various small insects have their external parasites.

The visitors at Niagara Falls last year are estimated at 1,500,000, this having been surpassed only twice in the history of Niagara Falls—once during the Pan-American exposition at Buffalo, 1902, and once in 1906.

As far as is known, no one ever died of seasickness, although frequently this cause is ascribed in reports of the death of travelers. In practically all such cases, however, some organic disease has been the real cause, and not the simple seasickness itself.

Some three years ago a rabid dog ran across the international bridge at Buffalo into Ontario. Many cases of rabies have since occurred in that province, some 50 persons bitten by dogs having to go to New York for treatment at the Pasteur institute.

Some one has estimated from statistics that fruit trees and bushes will bear for the following periods: Apples, 25 to 40 years; blackberry, 6 to 10 years; currant, 20 years; gooseberry, 8 to 12 years; pear, 50 to 75 years; plum, 20 to 25 years; raspberry, 6 to 14 years.

The Chilean government, after a careful study of the relative cost of the two systems of telegraph between Santiago and Punta Arenas, has decided that the wireless is the most practical, as it will cost less for up-keep, as most of the route is through a wild and rough country.

Beet sugar making is as yet an infant industry, with $130,000,000 invested. It is not old enough in this country to be developed without protection. But there are many indications that tend to show how we may some day compete with the world in the production of beet sugar.

The farm products imported into the United States during the fiscal year 1907—the year of highest record—amounted in value to nearly $627,000,000. The imports for 1908 were valued at $540,000,000 in round numbers, and the average for the five years, 1901-1905, was a trifle over $455,000,000.

The new queen of England is so thoroughly British in her culinary tastes that she is reported to have

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Be sure to give both the number and the name of the pattern and the bust measure also.

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2944—Ladies' Shirt Waist, with Dutch neck. Fine lawn was used to develop this attractive model. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

3327—Ladies' Shirt Waist. Lawn, madras, or linen are adaptable to this up-to-date model. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

3310—Child's One-Piece Dress. A cool little model will be found in the one here shown made of any sheer material. 3 sizes—2 to 6 years.

2852—Girl's Dress, closing at back, with Princess front panel and elbow sleeves. Blue linen was used to develop this dress. 5 sizes—6 to 14 years.

3173—Ladies' Seven-Gored Skirt. Voile, serge or brilliantine develop to advantage in this model. 7 sizes—22 to 32.

2614—Ladies' Corset-Cover, closing at back. Nainsook with hand embroidery for the decoration was used for the model illustrated. 8 sizes—32 to 46.

2541—Ladies' Corset-Cover, closing at back. Nainsook with hand embroidery for the decoration was used for the model illustrated. 8 sizes—32 to 46.

2316—Girls' and Child's Dress, with high or Dutch neck. Flowered lawn or challis may be used to advantage in this model. 6 sizes—2 to 12 years.

3076—Ladies' Princess Dress, closing at left side-front seam and with or without the removable chemisette. Pongee may be used with good effect in this style dress. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

2817—Misses' Sailor Suit, consisting of a blouse slipped over the head and with or without yoke-facing, and a five-gored skirt. Nothing could be prettier for the summer than this sailor suit made of white linen with a blue collar and tie. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

2940—Ladies' Shirt Waist, with long or seven-eighths length sleeves. Batiste, meassaline or pongee will look well developed in this model. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

3324—Ladies' Shirt Waist. This pretty model is adaptable to linen, madras, percale or taffeta. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

3325—Girls' Dress. This is a good design which can be made plain or dressy, depending on the material and the trimming. 4 sizes—4 to 10 years.

3034—Girls' Dress, consisting of a blouse and a separate plaited skirt. A pretty dress can be made using one of the Scotch plaids for the skirt and white linen or lawn for the blouse. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

2734—Ladies' Nine-Gored Skirt, closing with buttons down left side of front. This style skirt is adaptable to any material desired. 6 sizes—22 to 32.

2408—Ladies' Ten-Gored Skirt. An excellent model is here shown which will develop charmingly in serge, mohair, shepherd's plaid, or Panama cloth. 8 sizes—22 to 36.

2061—Ladies' Circular Short Petticoat, with or without yoke flounce. Nainsook, jaconet, Persian lawn or thin cambric may all be used for this useful garment. 7 sizes—22 to 34.

2092—Child's Low Necked Tucked Dress. This is a pretty little model for any of the sheer materials. 4 sizes—3 to 9 years.

3049—Ladies' Semi-Princess Dress, with High or Dutch Neck and Fancy or One-piece Plain Sleeves. This model was developed in sheer batiste and trimmed with insertion and hand embroidery. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

3344—Ladies' Night Gown. Made up in jaconet, dimity, China silk or thin cambric, this is a dainty gown for summer nights. 4 sizes—32, 36, 40 and 44.

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LEARNING TO USE THE EARTH

LITTLE by little man is learning that the use of the earth, in the most effective ways, and with the most valuable results is much more complex than he has supposed it to be. He is being enlightened as to the meagerness of his own information concerning the utilizing of soil and water minerals and forests.

Some of the most striking discoveries in this field have to do with agriculture. They deal with the nature and productiveness of the ground and the importance of adapting crops to soils.

It is better understood now than it was not long ago that the production of food, to the best advantage, is largely a question of chemistry and experimental science. The success of farming hinges, in a great part, upon finding just what crops are best suited to every field and what cultivation every acre needs to bring it to its highest usefulness.

Some striking object lessons, of world wide fame enforce this vital truth that the soil must be adapted to crops, in an unusual degree, to obtain the best results.

Uncounted efforts have been made to grow Havana tobacco, so called, elsewhere than in Pinar del Rio, province of Cuba, but these attempts have all failed, in some degree. Where the climate is nearly the same and the methods of cultivation are practically identical, the tobacco is different.

So, likewise, the little vine fruit, grown in Greece, which is known in the dried form, as Zante currants, has failed to respond to any soil and climate except that of the country where it has been flourishing for centuries. It has not yet been transplanted with success on a commercial basis.

Wine makers know well that different localities grow grapes of the same kind and apparently of the same degree of perfection, which are decidedly unlike in the quality of the wine which comes from the fruit. Even fields, side by side, may be so radically unlike that grapes of the same variety grown in the same locality of the same region often make different wine.

The figs grown in the vicinity of smyrna, the largest port of Asiatic Turkey are better than those produced in the many other parts of the world where figs are a favorite fruit. In like manner, dates, of the finest quality are grown in Arabia, in the Muscat district. Elsewhere they are not so good, except, perhaps, in North Africa.

One extremely curious and enlightening experiment has been made at the agricultural station which the Swiss government maintains at Lausanne. It shows how much other conditions count for interest which have been supposed to measure the value of fertilizers.

Two fields in the same valley, having nearly identical soil and precisely the same climate, were used in proving the value of potash fertilizers. One yielded much the better results, and the most surprising fact was that after the big crop grown there had been harvested, analysis of the soil showed that it still contained more potash than the ground in the field where less had been consumed, apparently, as plant food.

The only possible explanation was that the field which grew the larger crop of hay, and did it with the use, evidently, of less potash than the other field consumed for a smaller yield, was better drained. Therefore, the air and water had a better opportunity to circulate in the soil and reach the roots of the plants grown there. There was more opportunity for the crop to draw from the soil because the roots went deeper, where the drainage was better.

So it is clear that what might at first glance seem the result of fertilizers may be drainage or the way the ground is tilled. On the other hand the best possible cultivation of the soil may fail to bring good results because of lack of some element vital to the particular crop produced, which might be supplied, at no great expense, if the needs of the fields were fully understood.

All this is but one glimpse of what science can be counted on to do for the tillers of the soil and for many other great interests in a modern state which rest, more or less directly, on knowledge of the earth—fuller, more exact and scientific knowledge than the world has ever had.

The Welsh captain who caught a sturgeon in Pwllheli harbor and offered it to King George was doing no more than his duty. His majesty is entitled to every sturgeon landed in the United Kingdom, and one of them, caught in the Thames, graced the festive board at Queen Victoria's wedding banquet. The king also has the right by statute to the head of every whale caught on the coasts of his kingdom. The tail of the whale is Queen Mary's perquisite; the object of this curious division being that her majesty shall always be well supplied with whalebone, although singularly enough the whalebone is the king's half. Among other things which the king is entitled to receive are a pair of white doves, a pound of cumin seed, a pair of scarlet hose and a silver needle from his tailor.

MORE ABOUT THE BIRDS

EVERYBODY ought to know the brave, cheery, little house wren.

It nests by preference close to human dwellings, often in a post with a mortise left open, or in a snug corner under some veranda roof. This small mouse of a bird, with its tipped-up tail, its sociable, sprightly ways and its bright, sweet song, is "in a class by itself," as men say of things they make and want to sell, and it is very easy to identify. It is brown and pert and fearless, and not half as big as an English sparrow, and the up-tilted jaunted tail is unique among birds seen around houses.

And every one ought to know the Baltimore oriole that whistles so loud and clear a song from the coming of the fruit blossoms till the middle of June or later. It is a bird of the orchards and dooryards and roadside trees, in the country, or in suburbs, and in cities where gardens and trees are abundant. There is no other bird at all like this oriole. The male is a deep, shining orange with black wings, back, head, neck and tail. There is some white in the wings. The female is similar, except much paler and duller in the orange and black livery that lord Baltimore's servants used to wear. In size the Baltimore oriole is about like the bluebird or nearly half-way, in length, between the stouter sparrow and the robin.

In the country, especially at the edge of the woods, the scarlet tanager even outshines the oriole. It is a little smaller and is marked like the oriole, except that this much rarer bird is a brilliant scarlet where the oriole is orange, and it also has more red than the oriole's orange, because its head and neck and back are vermillion instead of black.

If you chance to see, as one often may, especially where there are trees near a stream, a rather stoutly built bird, not much smaller than a robin, and bright red from its crested head to its tail, it can be set down at once as the famed Kentucky cardinal, or Ohio redbird. The naturalists call it the cardinal grosbeak, because its beak is thick and cone-shaped. The clear, ringing whistle of the male is full of music, and its notes are remarkably varied.

A bird of totally different plumage, a dark a slate gray that it is almost black, has an even more diversified song, very interesting and sweet, but by no means as strong and clear as that of the cardinal. This singer of thickets and bushes and low trees often changes quickly from its song to a harsh call much like the "mew" of a cat. It is easy to identify by its notes and by its very dark gray, with a black cap on its head.

The wood thrush is much the most in evidence of a group of birds noted for their beautiful song, and it is by far the best worth learning. It is a lover of quiet, shady places, such as woods and groves near streams, but it is often seen in gardens and dooryards where the conditions are favorable to bird life. The thrush is a cousin of the robin, smaller and much less noisy and bold. Its back and wings are chiefly a warm russet brown, and its breast, almost white, is marked by conspicuous black spots shaped much like arrow heads. It often makes thickets or the borders of woods ring with its exquisite song in hot summer afternoons, when few bird notes are heard.

Two little birds, one more seen than heard, the other much more in evidence to the ear than to the eye, ought to be familiar friends. The brilliant, plump, little goldfinch loves the open fields, the roadside fence corners and trees, and gardens about houses. It flies with long undulations, uttering its sweet, canary-like note as it dips down in this series of waves in its air path. It looks like a canary of very handsome yellow and black plumage, for the male, in the breeding season of spring and summer, and it is often called the "wild canary."

The red-eyed vireo belongs to a bewilderingly large family of small birds, mostly of yellowish and olive plumage. It stands out from the rest by its habit of singing slowly, softly and yet sweetly and clearly, in still, hot summer days, when other feathered songsters are silent. Perched up in some big elm or maple or a village street, it repeats, over and over, at frequent intervals, a song which has won this little vireo, the size of a canary, the name of "preacher bird."

There have been efforts to put the message in words such as "You hear me, you see me, you must believe what I say."

In cities one of the noisiest and most conspicuous birds is the nighthawk, which is not a hawk, but an insect-eating, flat-beaked and not at all pugnacious member of an entirely different family. Its wings are longer than its body and tail, and in flight it looks twice its real size. Nesting on flat roofs, it takes naturally to apartment houses and business blocks and its swift, high flight, with frequent plunges down through swarms of insects and its harsh, loud cry, like "mack, mack," make it very conspicuous at evening and at dawn, and often in the middle of the day.

A Massachusetts Reformer.

Springfield Republican.

A Lenox man who is bitterly opposed to plastering the roadside with guide board advertisements, made a trip from Lee to Otis the other day, and on the way knocked down all signs of every description. At the cottages at Greenwater Pond he even knocked down the signs in front of some of the cottages. The owner of one has replaced the board with a new sign, which reads as follows: "Rocky Lodge, Stockbridge 10 miles. Parson's garage. This sign is on private land. Lenox man, do not use your axe here." At another place some of the automobile people put up a sign at a dangerous curve: "Automobiles go slow; blow your horn. Chester nine miles. Lee five miles." This also was destroyed.

TELLING TALES

The Elephant—Now, I want to tell you all about those insurgents who have been pestering me.

TAFT'S NEW PROBLEM

Will Attempt to Force Congress to Pass Campaign Publicity Bill.

Washington, June 20.—Encouraged by the success that has attended his legislative program up to this time, President Taft decided today to make an issue of the passage by congress before the adjournment of the present session, of the bill providing for the publicity of campaign contributions in all campaigns affecting federal officers.

Soon after his return Saturday night the President signed the railroad bill, and this afternoon he signed the statehood bill. With these two important measures out of the way Mr. Taft turned his attention to the publicity bill.

Talks to the Leaders.

The President sent for party leaders in both the houses and senate and told them his views regarding this piece of legislation. Mr. Taft said that he had made a personal pledge during the last presidential campaign to do what he could toward furthering the enactment of a publicity bill. The President had hesitated to add this bill to his program, however, while congress was devoting itself to those measures to which the party had definitely committed itself in its platform. Now that the program is practically completed he has decided to bring all of his influence to bear in behalf of the publicity bill.

Mr. Taft took Senator Burrows, of Michigan, for a long automobile ride yesterday afternoon. Mr. Burrows is chairman of the senate committee on elections. When he and the President parted it was with the understanding that the campaign publicity bill soon would be called up. Today the President secured the consent of Senator Brandegee to temporarily lay the Appalachian forest reserve bill aside in order that the publicity bill might be given the right of way as the unfinished business in the senate following the disposition of the postal savings bank bill. The President does not anticipate any serious trouble in getting the bill through the house.

The opening of what is expected to be the last week of the congressional session found the President in rare good spirits today. The home coming of Colonel Roosevelt and the cordial exchange of personal greetings between him and President Taft led an added interest to White House events today. Mr. Taft feels that he has accomplished all that he set out to do at the present session of congress, and the fact that the publicity bill is to be added to the achievements seemed especially to please him.

Satisfied With Results.

Despite the criticisms that have been heaped upon him, Mr. Taft, according to his close friends, believes he has given his party a good record. And when it comes to the campaign this fall the President, in whatever he has to say, will not attempt to pass the new tariff law by, but will defend it again.

Senators and representatives at the White House were inclined to the view that congress may adjourn some time between Thursday and Saturday of this week. The President will not be disappointed if the session continues until the 30th. He will remain in Washington for three or four days following adjournment to clear up a lot of matters that are pending and to talk with party leaders. It is probable the President will not begin his vacation until July 4, when he is due for a speech at Boston.

A DETERMINED WOMAN

Finally Found a Food That Cured Her.

"When I first read of the remarkable effects of Grape-Nuts food, I determined to secure some," says a woman of Salisbury, Mo. "At that time there was none kept in this town, but my husband ordered some from a Chicago traveler.

"I had been greatly afflicted with sudden attacks of cramps, nausea, and vomiting. Tried all sorts of remedies and physicians, but obtained only temporary relief. As soon as I began to use the new food the cramps disappeared and have never returned.

"My old attacks of sick stomach were a little slower to yield, but by continuing the food, that trouble has disappeared entirely. I am today perfectly well, can eat anything and everything I wish, without paying the penalty that I used to. We would not keep house without Grape-Nuts.

"My husband was so delighted with the benefits I received that he has been recommending Grape-Nuts to his customers and has built up a very large trade on the food. He sells them by the case to many of the leading physicians of the county, who recommend Grape-Nuts very generally. There is some satisfaction in using a really scientifically prepared food."

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

DANGLES OVER FALLS

Athlete Sticks Half Way Across Gorge.

Niagara Falls, June 15.—Niagara's first international carnival nearly came to a tragic end last night when Oscar Williams, a local steeplejack, who essayed a trip across the gorge on a wire hung at the base of the cataract, sustaining his weight by his teeth, came to a stop when about the middle of the river and hung 45 minutes until rescued by the Maid of the Mist.

Williams' apparatus began to balk soon after he left the American shore and when it struck the upgrade to the Canadian side he came to a stop and then swung back to the middle of the wire, which cleared the river by 125 feet.

Firemen rigged a pulley with rope and sent it out to him. Hand over hand he made his way to the deck of the Maid of the Mist, which had taken position below him.

During the festivities an unidentified man jumped into the river from Luna bridge before the eyes of thousands of persons. In a twinkling he was swept over the brink of Luna falls, which never gives up its dead.

GEN. AXLINE ELECTED

Chosen Department Commander of Grand Army.

Xenia, June 16.—Gen. H. A. Axline, of Columbus, was elected department commander Ohio Grand Army of the Republic at this morning's session of the delegates to the encampment.

The parade of veterans this afternoon has been limited to a one-mile course, that all may have strength to march.

The display of fireworks last night is said to have been the finest ever given at an Ohio encampment. A spectacular feature was the engagement between battleships, one taking fire and then blowing up.

Toledo Woman Loses.

Mrs. Tuta M. Hoffman, of Wilmington, O., was Wednesday afternoon re-elected president of the department of Ohio of the Women's Relief corps, defeating Mrs. Ada M. Timmerman, of Toledo. Mrs. Hoffman is the wife of General Amos Hoffman, past department commander of the G. A. R.

Mrs. Charlotte D. Davidson, Xenia, was elected senior vice-president, and Mrs. Dora L. Brush of Cleveland junior vice-president. Election of other officers was postponed until this afternoon.

Realizing that state business would prevent his filling his engagement last night, to speak at the G. A. R. encampment campfire, Governor Harmon decided to come to this city in the afternoon and, almost unannounced, arrived at 3:50.

The encampment executive committee learned of the governor's coming in a message from his secretary about the same time he reached here and, hurrying to the Pennsylvania station in an auto, met him on his way uptown afoot.

Past National Commander R. P. Brown of Zanesville was the principal speaker last night. Gen. P. H. Dowling, of Toledo, a past commander, also spoke.

Memorial Day Report.

Three sons of ex-confederate soldiers delivered Memorial day addresses before Grand Army posts in Ohio this year. Ten thousand and 87 Grand Army veterans participated in the Memorial day exercises this year in Ohio and 68,653 graves were strewn with flowers.

These interesting figures are from the report of Rev. O. S. Reed, of Elmore, department chaplain of the Grand Army of Ohio, given Wednesday. Rev. Mr. Reed secured from the Grand Army posts of the state the most complete report of Memorial day exercises ever given in the department. A total of 369 Grand Army posts reported since May 30. A total of 9,086 veterans attended divine services of a memorial nature on Sunday preceding Memorial day, and 67,801 school children participated in the Memorial day exercises. Of the speakers in the state 56 were veterans of the civil war and 34 were sons of veterans. One thousand five hundred and forty three unmarked graves were found in the state. One hundred and thirty Grand Army posts own burial plots in the cemetery.

HEADS OHIO G. A. R.

GEN. H. A. AXLINE

FIGHTS MEAT COMBINE

Attorney General of Missouri Files Ouster Suit Against Packers.

Jefferson City, Mo., June 20.—Attorney General Elliott W. Major began ouster proceedings against five meat packing companies today by filing quo warranto informations in the supreme court. The companies attacked are Armour Packing Co., Morris & Co., Swift & Co., Hammond Packing Co. and St. Louis Dressed Beef & Provision Co.

The Armour, Swift and Morris companies are charged with violating the antitrust law and conspiracy and the Hammond and St. Louis Dressed Beef and Provision companies as subsidary companies of the National Packing company with conspiracy to control the busines in Missouri.

The five companies are named in two petitions which ask that the corporations be excluded from all corporate rights, that their licenses be forfeited and that all or such portion of their property as the court may deem proper be confiscated or in lieu thereof a fine be imposed.

Armour, Swift and Morris are charged with having entered into a conspiracy in 1909 to control the prices to be paid by dealers in live stock, poultry, butter, eggs, dairy and agricultural products, to control the prices to be paid by retail and wholesale dealers for dressed meats and to control the prices to be paid by all retail and wholesale dealers for butter, eggs, poultry, game, dairy and agricultural products and by-products from the business of slaughtering live stock.

Attorney General Major, after he filed the suits said: "The suits were filed as a result of the examination conducted recently before Former Judge D. W. Dillon, who was named by the supreme court to preside at the hearings. The Hammond Packing Co. and the St. Louis Dressed Beef and Provision Co., are owned and controlled in every matter and detail both in the purchase of live stock and in the sale of dressed and finished products by the National Packing Co., of New Jersey.

"The National Packing Co., the hearing developed, is owned by three big packers. Swift owns seven-fifteenths, Armour six-fifteenths and Morris two-fifteenths. While the National owns the supposedly independent corporations, it has been sending them out to the public as separate and independent corporations and competitors in business. In this way these corporations have been and are used as the device in controlling the purchase and selling prices. In thus monopolizing the field and in controlling the packing industry the entrance or new competitors into this business is practically prohibited.

"I have not instituted suit against the Cudahy Packing Co., and the Schwarzschild and Sulzberger because the examination which I conducted was laid along certain lines and led into a field of inquiry which did not disclose wether they were guilty of any violations of the law."

The packers must make a return to the suits by June 30. If demurrers are filed they will not be passed on by the court until the October term. If answers are filed the court may appoint a commissioner to take evidence before adjournment for the summer.

IT MADE PEARY TIRED

Travel in Europe Was Not All Joy.

New York, June 17.— "Traveling in Europe as I had to travel is harder in some respects than Arctic exploration," said Commander Robert E. Peary today, as he landed with his family from the steamer Mauretania from a trip to Great Britain and the continent, where honors were showered upon him upon all sides in recognition of his polar achievements.

"My trip gave me very little idea of what Europe is like," said Commander Peary. "The hurry of it all was extremely tiring. It was one constant round of lecturing, hurrying to trains, attending receptions, lecturing again and again hurrying on, until what with the constant travel and enforced change of diet I came to the conclusion that journeying in the Arctic was little more tiring and in some respects less unpleasant."

Mr. Peary, however, was evidently well pleased with the reception that had been accorded him. He said that his plans for the near future included a stop in New York city for two days, following which he will go to Bowdoin college, his Alma Mater to be the recipient of honors and to deliver an address. Then it will be home to Eagle island, Me., for a rest of two months.

Captain Bartlett, who commanded the Roosevelt in Peary's north pole journey, accompanied his former commander home on the Mauretania.

The Wonderful Sale of a Simple Car

The Overland—the simple and trouble-proof Overland---now commands a larger sale than any other car in existence. And the demand is now growing five times faster than it ever grew before.

The Car That Sells Itself

The second year's sale of the Overland was ten times as large as the first. And this year's orders are already five times as large as last year's.

Now we are making 140 Overlands daily. Last year at this time our output was from 20 to 25.

Two years ago we had one little factory. Today we have five factories employing 4,500 men.

But never before has the demand increased as fast as it is increasing today. The more cars we get out the greater the call, for the Overlands sell themselves.

The Reasons

One of the Overland's greatest attractions lies in its utter simplicity. It has fewer parts than any other car. It has none of the usual complexities.

And it has the pedal control. Push a pedal forward to go ahead and backward to reverse. Push another pedal forward to get on high speed. It is as simple as walking—so simple that a child can master the car in ten minutes.

Then the Overland is almost trouble-proof. Many an owner has run from 7,000 to 10,000 miles without even cleaning a spark plug. Any novice can handle and care for it.

It is a car which always keeps going. In the Postoffice service, where Overlands are used, these cars have been run for 500 days, winter and summer, without missing a trip.

The $1,000 Car

This year we are selling a 25-horsepower Overland for $1,000 in roadster style, and for $1,100 with complete toy tonneau.

It is not undersized, not underpowered, like the usual low cost car. The wheel base is 102 inches.

We are this year selling a 40-horsepower Overland, with single rumble seat, for $1,250. It has a 112-inch wheel base.

Overland prices run up to $1,500. Each includes magneto and full lamp equipment. Each gives a great deal more for the money than any other maker can give.

We have cut our costs 20 per cent in the past year alone by the use of modern automatic machinery. Also through multiplied output.

Let Us Send All the Facts

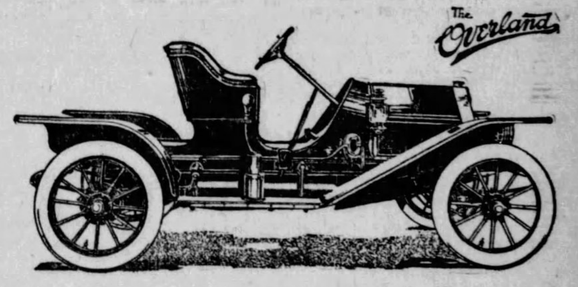
Every motor car lover should know the facts about the most successful car in the world.

Think of the place which this car has gained in a little more than two short years. And the success is all due to each car selling others.

The men who are buying these cars—140 per day—are men who seek just what you seek. The car which they buy is the car which you'll buy when you know it.

Please send us this coupon and we will send you a book showing all of the styles and giving all of the facts. We will also give you the address of the nearest of our 800 dealers. Please cut out the coupon now.

The Willys-Overland Co. G27
Toledo, Ohio
Licensed Under Selden Patent
Please send me the catalog free.



The $1,000 Overland—25 Horse Power—102-inch Wheel Base.
Same car with Tonneau, $1,100.

(75)

G. A. R. MAY PICK EDITOR

Col. John McElroy May Be Commander-in-Chief.

If the plans of the veterans succeed, a well known newspaper man will be elected commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic at the 44th national encampment, which will be held at Atlantic City, September 19 to 24, according to Sunday's Brooklyn Eagle.

Colonel John McElroy, editor of the National Tribune, of Washington, D. C., for the past 25 years, has been indorsed by his own department and hundreds of posts throughout the country, and the other posts rapidly following. Though under 16 years of age, he enlisted from Chicago, where he was employed on a newspaper, and enlisted in the Sixteenth Illinois Cavalry. After service in the army of the Tennessee, his regiment was assigned to the Burnside movement upon East Tennessee. On January 4, 1864, the battalion to which young McElroy belonged, was surrounded at Jonesville, Va., by a force of confederates and after an all day's fight was compelled to surrender. He, with the rest of his battalion, was confined in confederate prisons until the close of the war, being in Richmond, Andersonville, Savannah, Millen and Florence, from which McElroy once escaped, but was recaptured and taken back. Nearly all of his company died in Andersonville. McElroy was known in the prison as "Little Illinoy."

After being mustered out McElroy resumed work upon the Chicago newspapers, and later was for years managing editor of the Toledo (Ohio) Blade owned by D. R. Locke ("Petroleum V. Nasby"). Besides his editorial work, Colonel McElroy has been the author of a number of books which have had an extended sale and received high literary and historical commendation. His story of Andersonville has reached the unprecedented sale of 600,000 copies.

Veterans all over the country recognize Colonel John McElroy as the soldiers' friend and an authority on all subjects connected with the history of the civil war. He is coming up to the high office in regular gradation, having been commander of his department, which is comprised of the District of Columbia, and senior vice commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic. He is a "hail fellow well met" in any circle from scientific to that of the men who formed the rank and file in the great war.

The thin muslin collar, appliqued or inset with lace or embroidered motifs, is the latest comer in the round styles. There are big wired bows of chantilly, like graceful butterflies, which are being shown on many of the new millinery models.

LADIES $1000 Reward! I positively guarantee my Greek Successful "MONTHLY" Remedy. Safely relieves some of the longest, most obstinate, abnormal cases in 3 to 5 days. No harm, pain or interference with work. MAIL $1.50. Double Strength $2.00. DR. B. D. SOUTHINGTON CO., KANSAS CITY, MO.

SECRETS FOR WOMEN in our catalog of RUBBER NECESSITIES, TOILET SUPPLIES. Send 2c stamp. Fairbank Supply House, AN-60 Wabash Av., Chicago

MARRY BEST PLAN ON EARTH, sent FREE PHOTOS OF EVERY LADY MEMBER. THE PILOT, Dept. 38 Marshall, Mich.

MARRY Catalogue, with hundreds of photos and descriptions FREE. Pay if suited. SELECT CLUB, Dept. 46, TEKONSHA, MICH.

Marry RICH, Big List of Descriptions and Photos Free (Sealed) Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

WANTED SOLDIERS' HOMESTEADS Union Soldiers who homesteaded some land, but less than 160 acres before June 23, 1874, are entitled to additional rights even though entry was relinquished or abandoned. If soldier is dead, widow or heirs have the rights.

I Pay Spot Cash for These Claims. Address (Comrade) W. E. MOSES, 433 Jacobson Bldg., Denver, Colo.

FREE Fortune can be told from childhood up, past, present, future; cause of failure and key to success can be given. Three 2c stamps and birthdate gets free reading. Can astonish you. Madam Irene, 115 E. Second st., Kewanee, Ills.

PILES If you are afflicted with piles in any form write for a free trial treatment of infallible Pile Tablets, and you will ever bless the day you read this. Infallible Tablet Co., Dept. 13, Marshall, Mich.

MARRY WEALTH AND BEAUTY Marriage Directory FREE. Pay when married. New plan. Box 314 N. L. Kansas City, Mo.

GET MARRIED Matrimonial paper with advertisements of marriageable people from all sections, rich, poor, old, young, Protestants, Catholics, etc., mailed sealed Free. D. G. GUNNELS, Toledo, Ohio.

MEN WANTED in every locality in the United States to make $20 per week and $3 per day expenses advertising our goods, posting up showcards in all conspicuous places and generally representing us. Steady work to right men. No experience required. Write for particulars. ROYAL REMEDY CO., London, Ont., Canada.

TOBACCO HABIT CURE OR NO COST—Harmless home treatment of roots and herbs. Sure, pleasant, permanent. Send your name now. Ni-Ko Works, 14, Wichita, Kansas.

FOR 50c will mail you 5 yards of 4-inch beautiful silk ribbons. We have all qualities, 2 in. to 7 in. State your wants. SILKLOTH ASSO., Allentown, Pa.

LADIES, when delayed or irregular use Triumph Pills always dependable. "Relief" and particulars free. Write National Medical Institute, Milwaukee Wis.

YOUR FORTUNE TOLD—Past and future; love, marriage, business, etc. Send birthdate and 6c. E. Guy, Box 106, Longueuil, P. Que.

$21,50a in 3 yrs. by one man, $1,000 by another in 1 year; must have some money. The Westgate Oxygenator Co., C. C. Johnson, mgr., Beatrice, Nebr.

ELECTRO MAGNETIC improved rods, locating mines, buried money. P. Booth, Unionville, Conn.

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

ELIZABETH AYRES, EDITOR

REAL-LIFE GLIMPSES

By Elizabeth

"WHOSE voice is that?" I asked a friend of mine at whose home I was paying a brief, morning visit.

The voice came from the part of the house where, presumably, was located the kitchen.

"Why, that's Top 'o the Morning," she answered, smiling.

"The name fits the voice," I commented. "It is a voice that makes you smile and look pleasant, just like a beautiful morning does. What a world of meaning a voice carries. We reveal our character and state of feeling more by the sound of our voice than by the words we speak. Some day I shall have to go into voice study and see if my theory will bear the test of practice. Even now, I take the measure of people a good deal by their voices. It does not make much difference with me what they say or do, when in a state of feeling. If their voices are right, I know they too will come right, some day. Your Top 'o the Morning sounds like some one who is glad to be living."

"I think she is," my friend returned. "She always has given me that impression, and, many a time she's helped me to be glad, too, and sometimes, she's helped when I've thought I had nothing on earth to be glad for. I suppose those times were when, as you say, I had 'a state of feeling,' she remarked, with a gleam of mischief in her eyes.

"Tell me about Top 'o the Morning," I persisted, refusing to take notice of her teasing. "She's different. I want to know about her.'

"And make a story?" asked my friend.

"Oh, maybe, I answered.

"Will you leave out names, age and place of residence?" she questioned.

"Surely if they're not permitted to be used. Far be it from me to turn the white light of publicity upon those who prefer to blush unseen," I promised, and having promised, she told me this story.

It has no plot, no exciting incidents, no rapid action. It is just a plain, simple little tale, and it may be I shall leave the point for you to guess, and it may be I shall not. I can tell better after the story is written.

"Top 'o the Morning," began my friend, "was added to my list of acquaintances when we moved into this house. That was two years ago. She came to the kitchen door the first morning we were here, when nothing was settled and everything was where it should not be and we did not know when or where or how we were going to find the right things for the right places.

"Top 'o the Morning arrived in the midst of this unpleasantness. I was not a bit glad to see her, and showed it. The season was early spring. She brought with her a large basket whose contents she explained without displaying. 'Top 'o the Morning,' she greeted. 'Fresh eggs, dandelion greens, little radishes, onions and lettuce and there's sweet butter out in my wagon,' she said rapidly, in that chirky voice of hers.

Meantime, her quick eyes took in the disheveled appearance of the kitchen. Maybe I'd better call another day,' she suggested. 'Do you think you'd care for some Dutch cheese or buttermilk, occasionally?' she inquired, as if her coming again were a certainty.

"'You needn't trouble yourself.' I told her, speaking as ungraciously as I was feeling. 'We have our regular grocer.'

"'I'll be as reg'lar as any grocer, and I need about one more reg'lar customer," she answered with a good-natured laugh. 'I guess I'll call again. you'll likely be more pleased to see me the next time I come. Top 'o the morning, to you,' she said and trudged away.

"I did not answer. I did not even notice how she looked, but someway that cheery voice of hers stayed in my memory and helped to settle my unsettled house and its furnishings.

"She came again, as she had promised, and, as she had predicted, I was pleased to see her come, and she has kept on coming. Sometimes she comes once a week, and sometimes oftener, but she never comes too often. I know when she is about to arrive by the rattling wheels of her market wagon. She has a good, strong horse, and she drives at a pretty swift pace, and she always has a lot of children with her who do not hesitate to make the noise they feel like making. She is what most people call a homely woman. She is unmarried and no longer young, but her wrinkles are smile wrinkles, and her face has the fresh air color. She has a small farm a few miles out of the city, and there lives and raises vegetables and chickens, and makes a little butter and a comfortable living. Nearly always she has some one staying with her who has need of a place to stay in for some reason or other, and the children follow her in swarms. I tell her she runs a home for the friendless and orphans. Usually, her wagon is spilling over with children.

"She took care of her father and mother for years before they died. Somewhere she has a brother. I guess he does not amount to much, and so she helps him along. I have the idea she has always been the head of the family. Always, she acts happy. 'Top 'o the morning,' is her invariable greeting, no matter whether the morning has a top to it or not, she manages to put a gilded one on it.

"'Do you care if I call you Top 'o the Morning? I asked her, one day shortly after I became one of her regular customers.

"'Land, no child,' she answered. 'That's what most everybody calls me where I go at.'

She has never had time for much schooling.

"'Are you always as happy as you act?' I asked her, another time.

"'Pretty nearly,' she answered. 'Sometimes I get a little down, but I come right up again. I gues I was born with the happy feeling, and that's lots better than money or good looks.'

"There's where she is right. The happy feeling is something we are all seeking and longing for.

"'Top 'o the Morning brings it to your door. She delivers it with her sweet butter and fresh vegetables and eggs. She has no idea she is doing missionary work. It does not make any difference what trouble anyone may be having, she always finds some reason why things will soon be better, and she has a way of convincing you that they will be. She knows and feels the joy of the moment every day of her life. If she has any sorrows she never lets them be known. 'Business and grouches shouldn't keep company together," she says.

"There," said my friend with an air of conclusion, "I think that is all I can tell you about Top 'o the Morning, except that I am as glad as she seems to be glad, that she is living. She is so persistently good-natured and happy, she is like a contagion, only there is no need to send for the doctor when she comes to call. More power to her."

It is likely you can see the point of this tale without my telling it, but I really should like to remark, men and women, that if we would all run a Top 'o the Morning show ourselves, we should be much happier, and we should make the world much better.

And it wouldn't cost a cent.

This is all for today.

Postcript—Looking over this story, I find I have left the men folks pretty much out of the question, so in order that justice may be done where justice is merited, I wish to add, that I know a man who plays Top o' the Morning, at least his wife tells me he does, and she is pretty good authority.

Her whole life is directed toward making him happy, and he reciprocates in kind, by trying to make her the same. He acts pleased with his home and with everything his wife does for him, and when she gives him a present, he says, "that's just what I wanted. That's just what I wanted," he says.

His wife tells me he says this, and she is pretty good authority in the case above mentioned. I know other men, too, who are of his kind. More power to 'em.

This is really all for today.

MORNING THOUGHTS

SUNDAY

There is an idea abroad among moral people that they should make their neighbors good. One person I have to make good; myself. But my duty to my neighbor is much more nearly expressed by saying that I have to make him happy.

MONDAY

When your toil has been a pleasure, you have not earned money merely, but money, health, delight, and moral profit, all in one.

TUESDAY

There is no duty we so much underrate as the duty of being happy.

WEDNESDAY

The man who cannot forgive any mortal thing is a green hand in life.

THURSDAY

A generous prayer is never presented in vain; the petition may be refused, but the petitioner is always, I believe, rewarded by some gracious visitation.

FRIDAY

Some strand of your own misdoing is involved in every quarrel.

SATURDAY

Give us to go blithely on our business all this day, bring us to our resting beds weary and content and undishonoured, and grant us in the end the gift of sleep.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO

Look up, lift up. Object: To aid, comfort, encourage and cheer, scattering sunshine along the way.

YELLOWSTONE AND OTHER PLACES

Well, here I come again. In looking over my letters written to the Cozy Corner, describing my trip through the Yellowstone, I see that I forgot to mention the beavers in the park. They were there, at work at their dam and houses, everything being left in its natural state. I failed also, to mention the formation of rock called The Holy City. No one who enters the park from any point except the east side, sees it, unless a trip is taken for that purpose, for it is not within the park limits, but in what is called the Government Forest Reserve. It is on the government road, however, and is several miles east of the park. It is the most beautiful formation of rock that we saw in all our travels. You sit in your carriage and look, as though looking into a vast enclosure containing rocks built up into towers and shapes of all kinds of buildings. They are so high and immense, they fill one with the most solemn and exalted feelings. One is overcome with the grandeur of the view.

My son said, "No pen, no painting, no camera, can do justice to that," and it is true, yet there are hundreds who go through the park, but never go out to see The Holy City.

The Rocky Mountains are certainly well named. One can see rocks in every shape imaginable. There are towers, domes, rocks like churches and house with chimneys, a squaw with pappoose on her back, castles, and no end of things.

I painted a picture of Castle Rock near my son's home. After we had visited in the Boise Valley "taken in" the city, which is beautiful and is constantly increasing in size, having a Soldier's home, state's prison, natatorium, U. S. Soldiers' quarters and many churches and beautiful dwellings, we boarded the homeward bound train. As we passed through Idaho and Wyoming at night, we did not see much, but when we wakened in the morning and looked out of the sleeper window at the green meadows of Nebraska, oh, how good they looked, after spending several weeks in a dry, parched country where nothing grows without irrigation. It looks good to see green meadows and cornfields, the first corn we had seen since leaving Minnesota. Corn is not raised in Dakota, Montana, Wyoming or Idaho, at least we saw none.

We got back to Minnesota in time to attend the state fair at Minneapolis. It was a grand exhibit. One thing that surprised me was Canada's fine exhibit of agricultural products. Another interesting thing I saw, was Dan Patch the famous race horse. Minneapolis is his home. We returned to my husband's home and soon made preparations for our drive of 1,000 miles. I owned a fruit farm here in the mountains and had lived here seven years, previous to my marriage with my present husband. I cannot wister in the north on account of throat trouble, which, however, does not trouble me much in the mountains. As the northern winters are very severe on old people, my husband decided to make our home in Arkansas, so we packed our goods, shipped them by freight, and packed a few necessary articles of clothing in a valise. We hitched our strong, steady horse to a little, top carriage, and started on our overland trip. We drove directly south to Des Moines, Iowa, where we visited for two days and took in the sights.

The Historical Building is a fine place to spend a day or two in. One can see more curiosities in half a day there, than in thousands of miles of travel. The northern part of Iowa is very wet, and it costs as much to tile a farm so it can be cultivated, as it does to buy the land at first.

We drove on from Des Moines down into Union county, and stopped a few days there among my old neighbors. They seemed very glad to see us. Then we continued on southward to Monett, Missouri, where some of my children live. After visiting them, we drove on here, where we arrived, Thanksgiving, and ate turkey in Fayetteville, Arkansas. Then we drove out to our home in the Boston Mountains, where we are now living, happily. Thus we ended a wedding tour that lasted 11 months, and extended over the country from Arkansas to Minnesota, North Dakota, taking in the Chautauqua at Devil's Lake, so called by the Indians because it gave them no fish, as not a living thing inhabits its water, then out through the Bad Lands, on to Cody, Wyoming, across the Yellowstone to Idaho, back by another route, then down here.

Some one has written on the subject of pen names, and said "come out from behind the bushes" so I will come out from behind my Fern Leaf. I believe we might find old friends by using our own names and telling our maiden names, too, so now, we are The Honorable and Mrs. C. S. Dunbar, of Boulder Springs Cottage, at home to our friends. My maiden name was Alice Hursh, of Stephenson county, Illinois. I was Mrs. Hastings by my first marriage. Who will unmask next? I have written this series of letters, hoping some of those who do not travel, would enjoy them.—Mrs. Alice Dunbar, Sulphur City, Arkansas.

SHE'S ALL RIGHT

While in a city recently, I met a woman who was 79 years of age. She had attended the State University during the whole winter term. The winter was an unusually stormy one, too, but she had not missed a day. She seemed so young in spirit and so enthusiastic about what she was studying, that one could scarcely believe she had reached such an age. I thought as I was talking to her, "now here is a woman who will not let herself grow narrow or depressed from idleness as she grows older, and, instead of feeling dull, or thinking she is in some one's way, and being unhappy about it, she is all interest in her work."

She is taking a course in psychology and literature and hygiene and would not let herself think about her age.

She said, "If there was a family of young boys and girls living in an old house, you would not call them old because the house was old, would you? Well, if we keep young in spirit by keeping in touch with others who are younger than ourselves, and by taking an active part in study, or by doing something, we need not be called old."

Just think of the mental uplift in all this, and then what an inspiration her example would be to others who have felt too old at a much earlier age, to begin to study, or carry out some plan of work they were hindered from in earlier years.

Mothers, or anyone else, who in later years have time and opportunity for culture that was denied them in their younger days, can surely take heart and specialize along some line of work congenial to them, and by doing this, keep from getting irritable and quarrelsome as they grow older. How thankful we ought to be that we have the privilege of living in an age when we can have equal opportunities with the younger ones, and not be considered a freak. If we have fairly good health, we need not let ourselves be too old to undertake to do something that will be beneficial to ourselves and helpful to others.—Annie Webster, Ohio.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS

Good day to you, my C. C. sisters: I hope all is well with you. When you write to the corner, write cheerful letters. You will be doing yourself and your readers good at the same time.

From the feeling of the weather at the present writing, it is really summer time. There is no make-believe about it.

Just remember, a smile is worth more than a frown, any hour in the day. Remember, also, this is a HELP ONE ANOTHER page.

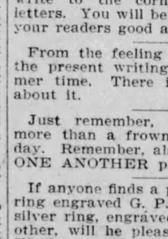
If anyone finds a pigeon with a brass ring engraved G. P., on one leg, and a silver ring, engraved E. Z. 2023, on the other, will he please send word to E. W. Taylor, Letitia, North Carolina?

Mrs. W. S. Moorehead wants to know what will take blue ink stains out of a linen table cloth. Much obliged to anyone who will tell.

YOUR BACKACHE WILL YIELD

To Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Bloomdale, Ohio.—"I suffered from terrible headaches, pains in my back and right side, and was tired all the time and nervous. I could not sleep, and every month I could hardly stand the pain. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound restored me to health again and made me feel like a new woman. I hope this letter will induce other women to avail themselves of this valuable medicine."—Mrs. E. M. FREDERICK, Bloomdale, Ohio.



Backache is a symptom of female weakness or derangement. If you have backache don't neglect it. To get permanent relief you must reach the root of the trouble. Nothing we know of will do this so safely and surely as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Cure the cause of these distressing aches and pains and you will become well and strong.

The great volume of unsolicited testimony constantly pouring in proves conclusively that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has restored health to thousands of women.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be absolutely confidential, and the advice free.

JUST A GOWN OR TWO

THE SLINKY LADY. FOR A JUNE BRIDE.

HAVING discussed and disposed of the millinery question in the past week, so far as my present interest in it is concerned, we will now turn to the next exhibit, ladies and gentlemen, which is gowns.

The subject of gowns is almost inexhaustible, as are the various styles dictated by fashion. However, this is not to be a fashion article, telling you what you may or may not wear in order to be strictly a la mode. My private opinion, here given in public, is that a woman has a right to wear what she pleases and what is most fitting and becoming, whether it is the latest agony or not, for truly, it frequently happens, that some of the latest agonies are sufficient to give one a pain.

The moral of this is, not to worry if you are not arrayed in garments bearing fashion's stamp, "the newest," and do not wear things inappropriate to your cast of form and feature, just because they happen to be the fashion. Make the fashion fit you, instead of trying to fit yourself to the fashion. It really does not matter whether you are in the fashion or not so long as you are well and happy. Having thus spoken, we will now return to the exhibit.

The picture of the lady wearing the large, protruberant, exuberant and wide-spreading skirt, was discovered in a bound volume of Godey's Lady books, for the year of grace, 1856. In the book the gown was labeled, Morning Dress, and was designed especially as part of a bridal wardrobe. Probably for a June bride.

Wishing to see the contrast between the skirts of the now and then, I searched the pages of the July Delineator, and there discovered the slinky lady who now lives and moves and has her being, provided she is a lady who falls in line with fashion's procession. You may take your choice between the two; whichever suits your fancy best. Personally, I choose the slinky lady. If the superfluous goods were cut off from the tail of her gown. A dragging skirt is an unclean thing.

The secret of the exuberant and protruberant skirt, is hoops, as you of course know, unless you happen not to know. One strange thing concerning the puffed out and the drawn down skirt is, that according to statistics from the past, it did not require any more material to be puffed out in the fifties, than it does to be drawn down in the present. This is a situation the dressmakers will have to explain, if called upon. It is beyond the comprehension of one unversed in such mysteries.

Another report held over from the past, is to the effect that it was considered positively immodest to appear in public unclothed in hoopskirts, when they were in fashion. A story current in family annals, is to the effect, that two young women of hoopskirt days, upon one occasion became real reckless and made up their minds to enjoy a drive without the restriction of their wire cages. Forthwith, and immediately, they discarded their hoops and made their escape out the back way, so that no one might see them get into their carriage. History further relates, that they drove away in the state of exhilaration and much laughter that arises from doing a deed of danger and daring.

Of course you are going to be amused and perhaps laugh at the picture of the puffed-out lady. I hope you will, but as remarked, "hitherto, here, before," history repeats itself in many forms and places, and the things we take seriously today, are the things we laugh at tomorrow; a circumstance which, in many a case, is a good thing to happen, and also remember when you are too seriously inclined and think you are having awful trouble.—Elizabeth.

MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

Do all the good you can,
To all the people you can,
In all the ways you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

Dear M. G. R.'s—I come knocking for admittance. I live in a little village in West Virginia. I have been a reader of The Blade for a long time. I can remember The Blade when the Nasby letters were being published. I would have asked for admittance sooner, but I did not think I could write good enough for publication. All the education I got was in the early days of the log cabin school houses, with paper pasted over the openings for windows, and then I only had seven months at that, but I have been gathering up bits of knowledge along the way that are quite as valuable as book learning.

I am a native of Germany—Sultzfeld, Baden. I came to this country in 1855. I landed in New York Christmas evening, after being on the ocean for 42 days. I came across in an old sail ship that was then making its hundredth trip.

Well, I am not going to tell you how old I am, for I am a bachelor and already in love with some of the M. G. R.s, but you see I am old enough to belong to your circle. I am of the sanguine temperament, not very tall, and weigh 200 pounds. My hobby is music. I love flowers, birds, poetry, science and the West Virginia hills. With best wishes for all The Blade readers, I will sign my real name.—Gottlieb Mohr, West Virginia.

Your hobby is all right, and so are the things you love.—Elizabeth.

Dear M. G. R.'s—It may be you would like to hear from a Missouri boy. I shall first give a description of myself. I am 5 feet 14 inches tall, have light hair and blue eyes, and am 21 years old. I am a school teacher and walk eight miles per day to and fro to my school. We have 35 schools in our county, and our superintendent walks to visit them once yearly. So you see walking is a pleasure to us. My home is near Lebanon (the Corinth of the novel, The Cailing of Dan Matthews), so if you wish to learn more about Ozark life, you may read that famous story.

With good wishes to all.—Lloyd, Missouri.

Will you let me tell you something about the Cherokee people? They are all I see to interest me. Our trade in the store where I am employed is mostly made up of Cherokees. They are the most kind and genial people to wait on that I ever knew. They always have a smile in return for a smile, but one must take the initiative, then they are very responsive to one's every mood. Some of the old women are just as sweet as can be, and the Cherokee babies are perfect cherubs, if only they were always cared for as they should be. Their pretty, black eyes see everything, and their sticky hands touch everything within reach, showcases, etc. The women use snuff and tobacco, and many smoke. It is a familiar sight to see five or six women sitting on the sidewalk, enjoying their after-dinner pipe, while the pappooses run at liberty and jabber to themselves. Not many days go past without my being proffered a dip from a friendly Indian's snuff box. They even offer it time after time, when they know I do not indulge, and then they seem to think they have a good joke on me. I used to feel insulted, but I have learned better.

Yes, they are interesting, but I am lonesome and often long for a home among the white people exclusively. We have many fine whites here, but you never see them anywhere on the streets without a crowd of Indians near by. Rouse, ye of the M. G. R.'s, and tell me something of the dear old states that are near to my heart. Tell me a white story and I will tell you a black one. The letters in M. G. R. column have been excellent during the past year, and have cheered the lonely days and saved me from melancholy. —Cherokee Girl, Oklahoma.

Cheer up, my girl. A turn in the lane always comes.—Elizabeth.

I have been quite interested in this department and thought I would drop a word or two with the rest.

Did you ever stop to think there are right and wrong sides to every life? Here is a story I will use to illustrate what I wish to say: Once there was a man who bought a peck of potatoes. They were brought to his house in a bushel basket and were heaped up on one side more than the other. It chanced that the heaped up side was nearer to the man, and, when he glanced at the basket, he saw only a very few potatoes.

"Why," he said, laying down the paper he had been reading, "that feller cheated me. There are not nearly as many as I bought."

His little daughter overheard the remark, and going to the basket she turned it so that her father might see the heaped-up side. "Oh, papa, see," she said, "you've been looking at the wrong side all the time!" and then she burst into laughter.

Now, mind, I do not vouch for the truth of this simple story; I am merely using it as an illustration. How many, many times we see the wrong side and not the right side, and why? Do you not stop to consider? A great many times we look over the right to see the wrong. Is it because it is so near, as in the case of the man in the story? Dear friends, when things go wrong, let us stop one moment and look for the right. No, we shall not have to stop long, because every cloud has a silver lining, and the very darkest has it, too.

If you find the right side, which I know you will, I am sure you will not want to go on looking at the wrong. Let us away with pessimism, and be optimistic. Yes, 'tis very hard sometimes, I know, but let us try, it will be so much better for those around us and for ourselves.

How many beautiful things God has given us to be thankful for! Think of the beautiful sunshine, sunsets, grass, trees, flowers, and oh, so many things bright and lovely. Take a walk some morning. Listen to the meadow larg and robin, and ever so many other birds. Even the crickets chime in once in a while. What a beautiful chorus, and it belongs to nature, too.

With the latticed shade of the trees, together with our natural chorus, and everything so fresh and sweet, how can we be pessimistic? Another thing, let us help others to see the right side. Do not tell them of their faults, but speak cheerily of lovely things, thus diverting their minds from unpleasantness. Impart some of that sunny nature you have; you will not be a loser by so doing, and they will be benefited by having been with you. "Practice what you preach," did I hear some one say? I am trying to. It is hard sometimes, but I always feel the better for it afterward. I am sure I did not mean to sermonize this letter, but it is not a crime to preach, is it?

I am 17 years old and from southwestern Iowa. I have seen but few letters from this state. I will sign the nickname given me by an old chum who is now in Kansas. I wonder does she take this paper.—Muggins, Iowa.

M. G. R. AFFAIRS

Good manners, my friends, are something none can afford to be without. Good manners, in this case, do not mean social forms, but kindliness and consideration for others. Mind your manners.—Elizabeth.

If you say good morning every morning, whether you want to or not, you will be surprised to find how many good mornings there are.

Letters recently received from Jennie, of Michigan, An Illinois Maiden, Heloise of Old Washington, Ted Wilson, Adorena, Ida Richards, and May McSpadden.

Buckeye Cracker—Please send me your address.

IT PROVED FATAL

National Magazine.

Little Ethel came running into the house one day with a very sad face.

"Mamma," she cried, "my dolly has been dreadful sick and died and gone down to God."

"What was the matter with your dolly?" her mother asked.

"It had the doctor dreadfully," Ethel replied.

SOME POINTERS

By Elizabeth

When you get that lonesome feeling, and do not know what to do for yourself, do something for somebody else.

Keep cool in your mind in hot weather and the heat will not trouble you much.

There is nothing we cannot forgive those we love—if we really love them.

Self-love is a thing to conquer if you want to be really happy.

Your voice is a sure indication of your state of feeling.

Those who love music and can make it, have much to be thankful for.

Keep your promises, no matter how trifling they may be, if you want people to have confidence in you.

The time to stop a bad habit, is immediately, not next week or tomorrow.

The people you like to have around you, are those who are always pleasant. See the point?

If, in the beginning when you try to smile and look pleasant, the smile and the pleasant are on the surface only. Keep them up, they will take root.

Secrets are good things not to have. As a rule, there is no good in them.

Turn the cold shoulder to your bad self; greet your good self with welcoming hands and hang on to it.

Persistent kindness and gentleness will batter down every wall of coldness and dislike.

"I do not believe anything anyone tells me," a woman said. Her face shows it.

If you will not get mad, after awhile you cannot.

Kindliness is the best of good manners.

This is all for today.

POETS' CORNER

SONG OF THE ENGINE

By Dick Coffin.

Only a giant of brass and steel.
You wouldn't suppose that I could feel.
Only a monster, grim and great,
I stand on the track and wait, and wait.
Only an engine, a thing that's dumb,
But I understand when the orders come.

"We're an hour late," the conductor said,
And the goal but a hundred miles ahead!
An hour late. It is naught to me,
For I know the hand that will set me free.
I can feel it now, in callous dress,
Along my throttle in soft caress.
'Tis the engineer's. He knows my strength,
And loves every inch of my shining length.
An hour late. How I long to start.
I feel a glow in my red-hot heart,
And my feather is waving proud and high—
For the time is near to do or die.
At last! The signal! I must away!
I sense a thrill of the coming fray.
My headlight shows me the track is clear.
I feel the hand of the engineer.
A wheeze, a puff, a snort, a cough;
My whistle shrieks. I'm off! I'm off!
My drivers whir like a flash of light,
As I grind the sand to a powder white,
And glide thro' the yards by the green and red—
There's a bum on the baggage coach ahead!

Out on the main line rip-et-tee-zip,
Beginning to hit up a lively clip.
Hark! 'Tis the voice of the engineer:
"She's burnin' a hole in the atmosphere."
'Tis the kind of praise he always gives—
He knows that I am a thing that lives,
As he leans from the cab and kindly smiles
While watching his pet reel off the miles.
'Tis now I know he has done his best,
And it's up to me—I'll do the rest.
So away! Away! I fear no fate,
Nor a hundred miles, nor an hour late.
I tear along like a fiend gone mad,
And I hum a song, for my heart is glad.
On and on, thro' the inky night.
I rush with the speed of an arrow's flight.
On and on—plain, forest, town—
Cutting the distance down and down.
Roll and rattle, clatter and clank.
I dart like a flash by a water tank,
Through a tunnel, across a stream,
Clothed in a pall of smoke and steam;
I fancy I hear from the nervy bum:
"Say, but this thing is goin' some!"

A hundred miles. But I never flinch.
I gather speed with every inch.
My breath comes hot in a steady roar
Through the reeking stack, and the cinders pour
In a fiery stream from my brazen throat,
A sound as sweet as an organ's note!
A sound of wild unrest, so grand
To me, and those who understand.
The wind cuts hard at my iron brow,
For I'm going, going, going now!
Faster and faster with every breath,
I run the race with Time and Death.
Faster and faster! I fairly leap
As I shoot a grade that is long and steep.
I take a bend with a screaming hiss,
And glide on the edge of a precipice.
Clang and clatter, rattle and clack;
Hard luck, indeed, if I left the track!
Faster and faster I tear along.
Louder and louder I shout my song.
I leave a village in swirls of dust;
Will I make it up? I must! I must!
Faster and faster! The landscape seems to whirl and whirl like a drunkard's dream;
One grinding grip on the gleaming steel,
And I round a curve with a reckless reel
And swing my head in a dizzy flash
On a dead straight line for a last mad dash
To win the end of a hundred miles—
My reward? Will be my partner's smiles!
Slam and clatter, rattle and roll,
Almost there! I can see the goal!
One mighty spurt. I'm nearly done.
Over a crossing—hurrah! I've won!
My bell rings gay as a Christmas chime.
An hour late? No! In on time!

L'Envoi.

The bum on the baggage coach ahead
Dropped off and a quart of cinders shook
From his hair, as he walked away and said:
"That's the fastest ride I ever took."

POEMS REQUESTED

The song is asked for which begins: I long for a romp 'neath the old elm tree.

Ring the bell softly; there's crepe on the door, is a line from a much wanted poem.

A CHILD'S FANCY

The idea contained in the following lines was really expressed by a little boy 5 years old. Author of the poem unknown.

Oh, I long to lie, dear mother,
On the cool and fragrant grass,
With naught but the sky above my head
And the shadowing clouds that pass.

And I want the bright, bright sunshine
All 'round above my bed;
I will close my eyes and God will think
Your little boy is dead.

Then Christ will send an angel
To take me up to Him;
He will bear me slow and steadily
Far through the ether dim.

He will gently, gently lay me
Close to the Savior's side,
And when I'm sure we are in heaven
My eyes I'll open wide.

I will look among the angels
That stand about the throne
Till I find my sister Mary,
For I know she must be one.

And when I find her, mother,
We will go away alone,
And I will tell her how we've mourned
All the while she has been gone.

Oh, I shall be delighted
To hear her speak again,
Though I know she'll ne'er return to us
To ask her would be vain!

So I'll put my arms around her
And look into her eyes,
And remember all I say to her
And all her sweet replies.

And then I'll ask the angel
To take me back to you—
He'll bear me slow and steadily
Down through the ether blue.

And you'll only think, dear mother,
I have been out to play
And gone to sleep beneath a tree,
This sultry summer day.

SONG OF A THOUSAND YEARS

By Henry C. Work.

Lift up your eyes, desponding freemen,
Fling to the wind your needless fears,
He who unfurled your beauteous banner
Says it shall wave a thousand years.

CHORUS.

A thousad years, my own Columbia!
'Tis the glad day so long foretold,
'Tis the glad morn whose early twilight
Washington saw in times of old.

What if the clouds one little moment
Hide the blue sky where morn appears,
When the bright sun that tints them crimson
Rises to shine a thousand years!

Tell the great world these blessed tidings!
Yes, and be sure the bondman hears;
Tell the oppressed of every nation
Jubilee lasts a thousand years!

Envious foes beyond the ocean,
Little we heed your threatening sneers;
Little will they—our children's children—
When you are gone a thousand years.

Rebels at home, go hide your faces—
Weep for your crimes with bitter tears;
You could not blind the blessed daylight,
Though you should strive a thousand years.

Back to your dens, ye secret traitors,
Down to your own degraded spheres,
Ere the first blaze of dazzling sunshine
Shortens your lives a thousand years.

Haste thee along, thou glorious noonday!
Oh, for the eyes of ancient seers!
Oh, for the faith of him who reckons
Each of his days a thousand years!

Let every message you send out be a kindly one, and one that is meant to encourage and cheer.

Say "good morning" every morning whether you want to or not, it gives you a top o' the morning feeling.

Children's Letters

I am a little girl 10 years old and I am in the fourth grade. I go to school and like my teacher. Her name is Miss Delia Irvin. She means to come home with me this week. There are many wild flowers here. Our roses are blooming today. Come to see me and we will gather wild flowers. I live in the Ozark mountains. I have two sisters and one brother. We have a good time playing. Papa has been taking The Blade about 20 years. With best wishes.—Virgia Douglas, Missouri.

Thank you for the yellow roses, Virgia, they were very sweet.—Elizabeth.

I am 11 years old and live on a farm. My pets are two rabbits, a hen and a duck. My rabbits' names are Tommy and Topsy. They are both black. The hen's name is Chatterbox, and the duck's is Major. Mamma has over 200 little chickens and is raising some ducks. She has some Indian runner ducks' eggs setting. The scenery is very beautiful here. There are quite a good many hills and some very pretty lakes. There is a very pretty lake at the north end of our farm, where we often go boat riding and fishing. There are two lakes near here, where you can get a launch at one end of Snow lake and go seven miles to the other end of Lake James. There are three lakes with summer resorts near here.—Merry Marie, Fremont, Indiana.

Dear Blade—I am an orphan girl, 13 years old. My mamma died in February, 1903; papa died in February, 1908. We went then to live with my Uncle George and Aunt Ellen. I have one sister 11 years old. Her name is Ava. We have a nice time playing together. There are seven of us children. All of us larger children help my aunt and uncle to work. There are four of us large enough to go to school. I am in the seventh grade. My teacher's name was John Chaillaux. He was a good teacher. I had eight studies. As this is my first letter, I will close. Good-bye.—Sylvia Powell, Indiana.

Hello, Boys and Girls—I am a little girl 11 years old. I am five feet three inches tall, and weigh 128 pounds. Don't you think I am quite small. I go to school in winter. I am in the fifth grade. I have two brothers and two little sisters living, one dear sister dead; she died when she was nine years old. Two of my orphan cousins are living with us. My papa is a farmer. We live on a farm of 126 acres. Papa and my eldst brother work on the farm. My cousins and I help my mamma work in the house and work in the garden. I will close as this is the first time I have written to The Blade. Good-bye to one and all.—Inez Powell, Indiana.

COTTAGE CHEESE

Put the loppered milk into a pan and pour over it a quart or two of boiling water, according to the amount of milk. As soon as the curd separates from the whey, turn into a clean white bag and let drip until the cheese is dry. Turn into a dish, add a little butter and salt, and, if desired, a suspicion of black pepper. A little cream, sweet or sour, is also an addition. Turn out lightly onto a lettuce leaf, chill and serve.

NO MORE WRINKLES

BEAUTIFUL BUST

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR VANISHES LIKE MAGIC BY A NEW DISCOVERY.

Let this woman send you her wonderful treatments, follow her instructions then if you are pleased, recommend her wonderful methods to your friends.

SHE LOOKS LIKE A GIRL OF 18.

This clever woman has not a wrinkle upon her face; she has discovered a marvelous, simple method which brought a wonderful change in her face in a single night. For removing wrinkles and developing the bust, her method is truly wonderfully rapid.

She made herself the woman she is today and brought about the wonderful change in her appearance in a secret and pleasant manner. Her complexion is as clear and fair as that of a child. She turned her scrawny figure into a beautiful bust and well-developed form. She had thin, scrawny eyelashes and eyebrows which could scarcely be seen, and she made them long, thick and beautiful by her own methods.

You can imagine her joy when by her own simple discovery she removed every wrinkle from her face and developed her thin neck and form to beautiful proportions.

Nothing is taken into the stomach, no massage or common massage, no harmful plasters, no rollers, no worthless creams.

By her new process she removes wrinkles and develops the whole figure plump and fat.

It is simply astonishing the hundreds of women who write in regarding the wonderful results from this new beauty treatment, which is beautifying their face and form after beauty doctors and other methods failed.

Mary Merritt, of Wis., writes, her wrinkles have entirely disappeared. Miss Hansen writes her bust is beautifully developed and wrinkles gone. Mrs. Markham writes, she has not a wrinkle left.

The valuable new beauty book which Madame Cuningham is sending free to thousands of women is certainly a blessing to womankind, as it makes known her remarkable method of beautifying the face and figure of unattractive women.

All our readers should write her at once and she will send you, absolutely free, her various new beauty treatments, and will show our readers:

How to quickly remove wrinkles.

How to develop the bust.

How to make long, thick eyelashes and eyebrows.

How to instantly remove superfluous hair.

How to remove blackheads, pimples and freckles.

How to remove dark circles under the eyes.

How to quickly remove double chin.

How to build up sunken cheeks and add flesh to the body.

How to darken gray hair and stop hair falling.

Simply address your letter to Evelyn Cuningham, suite 551, 7 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill., and don't send any money, because particulars are free, as this charming woman is doing her utmost to benefit girls and women in need of secret information which will add to their beauty and make life sweeter and lovelier in every way.

Now is the time to write and learn her beauty secrets, lest your beauty passes, even as the petals of a rose withers into the drift of yesterday's flower.

The world would be better off if there were a few more kind women like this in it.

ROOSEVELT'S HOME COMING

urning Traveler Is Welcomed at New York y Fellow Citizens From Every State, All Bubbling Over With Enthusiasm.

New York, June 18.—Theodore Roosevelt ex-President of United States, statesman and cosmopolitan traveler, was ted back to his native land today by such a demonstration of ular enthusiasm and personal devotion as had never before accorded to a returning American traveler. Each step in eventful home-coming from the time he debarked from the mer Kaiserin Auguste Victoria until he moved up Broadway the tumultuous demonstrations of vast throngs of people, one continuous ovation and tribute of popular enthusiasm.

The stages in this stirring welcome were crowded into hardly than three hours. At 8:30 this morning Mr. Roosevelt left steamship amid the roar of big guns from battleships and land s, and a pandemonium of steam whistles from craft and the ories along the water-front. Then, aboard the revenue cutter roscroggin, he moved at the head of an imposing marine de up the Hudson river to Riverside Drive and back again to Battery, amid the continuous demonstrations of water-craft the assembled multitudes along the water front.

The landing at the Battery was the signal for another clam- s ovation. Here, too, Mayor Gaynor extended official greet- and Mr. Roosevelt spoke briefly but significantly of the in- st and part he will continue to take in public affairs. At 11 ock the start up Broadway began, through densely massed ngs extending for five miles along the main thoroughfares of city. Everywhere the returning traveler met the same whirl- d of demonstrative greetings—as he passed Wall street, fur- on, as he moved through Park Place, and the business sec- and then through the throngs in Union and Madison Squares, through the long reaches of Fifth avenue. Mr. Roosevelt d erect in his carriage most of the time, his silk hat in his hand waving responsive greeting to the echoing cheers. By the popular welcome was practically concluded, and Mr. velt joined relatives for lunch preparatory to returning to home at Oyster Bay later in the day.

was just a few minutes be- 11 o'clock when Mr. Roose- stepped ashore at the Bat- and trod the soil of his na- land after an absence of one and three months. Escorted layor Gaynor he walked from landing to the speaker's while all the thousands ed about cheered again and . The double lines of police ded his approach and mov- picture machines and cam- flanked him at either side.

Roosevelt walked slowly, shad- is eyes from the sun with his Cornelius Vanderbilt, chairman reception committee, at his el- At the steps of the speakers' the mayor took his hand led him steps. He looked hale and , and a coat of tan still browned ce.

there a stenographer here?" was rst question. On assurance that was, he said: "Good; now we'll ead. Boys, I'm feeling fine."

or Gaynor welcomed Colonel velt in less than 150 words, ing as follows:

ies and gentlemen: We are all to welcome Mr. Roosevelt to New We have watched his progress ng Europe with delight. Wher- he has gone he has been honored man and as an exponent of the ples of the government of this ry. He was received everywhere rope and honored as no man this country ever was honored. tory in all that, and it only re- s for me to say now, Mr. Roose- that we welcome you home most ly and we are glad to see you

Mr. Roosevelt rose to reply re- newed cheers burst forth and it was several minutes before he was able to command a hearing. His voice was a little hoarse, but he spoke with his usual force and declamatory effect. A big cheer and a loud laugh went up when he said, with emphasis: "I enjoyed myself immensely."

Exercises Soon Over.

The brevity of the exercises at the Battery took the spectators by surprise. As the Androscoggin drew slowly from her pier, the whistles began a chorus compared to which all those that had gone before were feeble pipings. Everybody jumped to his feet and men and women alike stood on the seats, peering into the blind mouth of the dock house, while engine bellows and revolving screws churned the waters nervously First the invited guests began to clap half timorously, then the Colonel appeared for a certainty and a cheer went up from all the throngs.

The speaker's stand, the private boxes, the seats for the reception committee, and the press stand, were all placed on a little plot of green turf, directly facing the pier at which Colonel Roosevelt landed. American flags draped their outlines and wreaths and wreaths of oak leaves festooned the uprights. A canvas canopy protected Colonel Roosevelt and Mayor Gaynor, but everybody else sat in the blinding sun. It was very hot, and the humidity made the heat more oppressive.

As soon as the very brief formalities at the stand were over, carriages were entered and the long parade through the city began. In the carriages following that of Mr. Roosevelt, were Secretary of Agriculture Wilson, Collector Loeb, Captain Butt and Judge E. H. Gary. In the third carriage were Secretary of the Navy Meyer, George R. Sheldon, Senator H. C. Lodge and Commodore R. A. C. Smith. Standing upright in his carriage, Mr. Roosevelt bowed right and left in acknowledgment of the plaudits and cheers from the crowd along Lower Broadway.

The parade reached Fifty-ninth street just before 1:30 o'clock, and was disbanded. Colonel Roosevelt stepped from his carriage, and with Mr. Vanderbilt and Mayor Gaynor, walked over to where the Rough Riders were drawn up. He gave Colonel Brody his hand, and chatted with him for a moment and then went down the ranks of the Rough Riders and gave each khaki clad horseman a cordial handclasp. Meanwhile the pressing throngs cheered and continued their plaudits as the colonel re-entered his carriage and was driven away for luncheon.

On the way up Fifth Avenue, a little boy made his way out from the line of spectators, and handed Colonel Roosevelt a handsome bunch of carnations, which the little fellow told the ex-President had been purchased with treasured savings. Colonel Roosevelt cordially thanked the lad for his self-sacrificing attention, while the sidewalk crowds cheered their appreciation.

NAVY PAYS HONOR

Battleship Fires Salute As Roosevelt Is Brought Up the Harbor.

New York, June 18.—The steamer Kaiserin Auguste Victoria, bearing Theodore Roosevelt home to an admiring, applauding people, entered New York harbor at 7 o'clock this morning and was greeted by the battleship South Carolina with the national salute of 21 guns.

Bedecked with signal flags and with the guns from Fort Wadsworth and Fort Hamilton booming out in welcome, the steamship glided into quarantine at 7:38 o'clock. Immediately behind the big liner came six ships of the navy, the battleship South Carolina in the van, while at anchor in the roadstead, awaiting her coming, was the United States dispatch boat Dolphin, with the secretary of the navy on board. The battleship already had saluted the returning former president at Sandy Hook with 21 guns, but on coming to anchor alongside the liner, the South Carolina hoisted long strings of pennants and the river craft joined in the demonstration with loud and prolonged blasts from their whistles. Flanked by Mrs. Roosevelt, his daughter, Mrs. Nicolas Longworth and his son Kermit, Theodore Roosevelt stood on the flying bridge of the liner, high above all the decks of the ship, and with his characteristic smile overspreading his tanned countenance and a shining silk hat in his hand, he waved acknowledgment to the pandemonium on all sides of him.

Mr. Roosevelt lost no time on board the Auguste Victoria. The usual customs and health inspection formalities accomplished, he at once trans-shipped to the revenue tug Manhattan, where, with the immediate members of his family and a few intimate friends, he sat down to a hasty breakfast.

Water Parade Starts.

There was more firing of big guns as Mr. Roosevelt left the Manhattan for the Androscoggin. Then comparative quiet fell, while in the upper bay patrol boats darted back and forth among a hundred and one craft of every description, marshalling them in line for the parade. The United States steamer Dolphin, leading the parade and closely followed by the Androscoggin, got away at 12 minutes past 9.

The first address of welcome presented to Mr. Roosevelt was handed him by the boarding pilot, on behalf of the Pilots' association. This association was the last to speed the colonel on his departure from New York. Health Officer Doty was the first of those from shore to pay his respects to Mr. Roosevelt. Senator Lodge, of Massachusetts; Congressman Nicholas Longworth, of Ohio, and Captain Butt boarded the Kaiserin from the Manhattan, and were received by Mr. Roosevelt in his stateroom.

An interesting incident occurred during the early reception in the harbor. Colonel Roosevelt was waving his hat in response to cheers that were wafted to him from craft on all sides, when he suddenly paused, and looking in the direction of the press tug Gilkerson, pointed his hand to the south. He seemed to be giving a warning, and the men on the Gilkerson turned quickly in the direction indication. They saw the bow of the battleship South Carolina looming up hardly a hundred yards off the tug's starboard quarter, and Captain Martin, of the Gilkerson, who had been looking for danger in another direction, put his wheel hard over just in time to get his boat out of the big warship's way.

He Spies His Children.

From the Gilkerson Mr. Roosevelt could be seen leading Mrs. Roosevelt by the arm to the front of the flying bridge and pointing out to her the picturesque scene of the soldiers of Fort Wadsworth standing at attention along the green embankments. As the cutter Manhattan came alongside the Kaiserin Auguste Victoria, Mr. Roosevelt made his way through a group of second cabin passengers who clustered along the rail, and, spying his children on the Manhattan, called to them and threw them kisses.

Mrs. Roosevelt was the first to come down the gang plank from the Kaiserin to the Manhattan. In a moment she had thrown her arms about Archie and Quentin, and effusively kissed and hugged both of them. She next greeted Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., and his fiancee, Miss Eleanor Alexander.

Mr. Roosevelt made a flying leap to the deck of the Manhattan and with the exuberance and spirit of a school boy he slapped his son Theodore on the back. He then turned to Miss Alexander and kissed her. He took up Quentin and Archie in his arms and gave them resounding smacks.

These greetings over, Mr. Roosevelt, with Collector of the Port Loeb at his side, extended cordial greetings to the others on board the Manhattan. He shook hands with everybody, including members of the crew.

Day Turns Out Fine.

In the meantime the big liner was hemmed in close by mailboats and newspaper tugs, while clustering about this central group were tugs, yachts, excursion boats, lighters and all kinds of merchant craft, all gayly decorated with flags. The cheering was continuous between those on board the assembled fleet and the passengers on the Kaiserin. The early morning had been foggy, but under the influence of clearing skies flags and pennants broke out gayly and the sun was bright and warm.

The South Carolina came to anchor 1,000 feet in front of the liner and two cable lengths away from the Dolphin. Once more the guns belched forth a salute, this time from the battleship to the secretary of the navy and from the secretary's boat in return. Simultaneously with the firing of the last gun both ships broke out lines of burgees and signal flags from masthead to deck line.

As the time for Col. Roosevelt's arrival at the battery drew near enormous crowds swarmed toward Battery park, overflowing the sidewalks and almost tying up traffic in the lower part of the city. The whole city had taken on a holiday appearance. Flags floated everywhere, pictures of Roosevelt were hung in thousands of windows and along the line of march buildings were draped with bunting.

At 9:28 the Kaiserin Auguste Victoria passed the Battery, going up the North river to Hoboken. All the stands were covered with white canvas and decorated with bunting and flags. Directly in front of the stand from which Mr. Roosevelt was to speak a space had been reserved for the reception committee and other guests of the day. Back of this the people began piling up, row on row, by counless thousands, patiently awaiting the coming of the ex-President. Broadway and the other streets leading into Battery park were filled with moving streams of humanity, all hurrying on in the struggle for places of vantage.

broke into a furious din of discord. Roosevelt was approaching and the crowd began to st irnervously. Swift excursion steamers, their rails black with sight-seers, began to file by the battery and still the parade was invisible. At 9:55 the heavy thunder of a salute came rolling across the harbor. A moment later the white hull of the first ship in the parade, dressed from stem to stern in flags, came in sight and the 71st regiment band, stationed on the water front, struck up "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean."

As the gray hulled South Carolina came abreast of the Robins Reef light a churned rif of white foam at her bow, the patrol fleet of revenue cutters swung into position to starboard and port of the line, and slowly the maritime pageant passed on, with the Androscoggin, immediately behind the skirmish line of war vessels. Behind the Androscoggin the merchant vessels took their position in double column, maintaining a distance of 300 feet. Divided into 12 divisions commanded by as many vice commodores, the parading fleet, nearly 200 strong, steamed up the bay and into the Hudson, keeping well in towards the New York shore. When opposite the stake, the boat anchored off 59th street, the procession turned in towards the Jersey shore and steamed down the river to the Battery.

As the defile reached the lower end of Manhattan every craft afloat and every factory ashore put its enthusiasm into steam and let loose a pandemonium such as heard but once a year, at midnight of December 31. Many of the wharves and docks along the river front had "dressed" for the occasion and the spectacle of the two lines of bunting decorated vessels slipping by, halyards dripping with color, was one to gladden the eye.

Sets Foot on Shore.

At the battery, as the morning wore on, the crowd grew denser, but hemmed in as it was by the police and the obstructive dock houses of the department of docks and ferries, could see little of the water parade. The band played popular airs to divert the throng which took the delay with good nature.

All along the river front people were massed by hundreds and thousands in every spot from which a sight of the marine pageant might be had. From the taller buildings along the river front greetings were waved at the passing of Colonel Roosevelt on the Androscoggin.

After the Androscoggin had turned the mark boat at Fifty-ninth street the crowds turned from the shore and made their way to the streets along which the land parade was to move.

The march of the Rough Riders down Broadway, on their way to greet their old commander at the Battery, was the signal for an enthusiastic welcome all along the line. The famous troopers wore yellow khaki, with buckskin leggings and broad brimmed gray soluch hats. Their horses looked like mustangs, accoutred with heavy military saddles and blankets, as though ready for campaign. They moved in battalion formation, the ranks extending for two blocks along Broadway, with flags flying and their Rough Rider band playing patriotic airs. All along the line of march they were given an enthusiastic greeting. Following the troopers came a long line of automobiles, bearing distinguished guests, committeemen, members of the Rough Riders' families, etc.

Colonel Roosevelt left the Androscoggin at the Battery at 10:55 a. m. and walked to his place in the speakers' stand, accompanied by Mayor Gaynor.

JURY INDICTS PATTEN

Seven Other Cotton Speculators Are Under Charges of Conspiracy.

New York, June 18.—The government has come out in the open in its attempt to prove that manipulating the cotton market is against the law. James A. Patten, of Chicago, and seven lesser figures in the speculative field have been indicted, charged with conspiracy in restraint of trade under the Sherman anti-trust law.

The indictment was returned by a special federal grand jury late yesterday afternoon and handed up before Judge Hough in United States court. Five of those indicted—Patten, Eugene B. Scales, F. B. Haynes, W. B. Brown and M. H. Rothchild—gave bail of $5,000 as required, through counsel. For the other three, who were neither present in court nor represented by lawyers, bench warrants were issued. They are, Sydney J. Herman, Robert M. Thompson and Charles A. Kittle.

Immediately the indictment was announced there was an excited break on the New York cotton exchange, July and August deliveries declining about $1.50 a bale, July selling at $14.81, and August at $14.35, as against $15.12 and $14.64 at the close of business the previous day. Bull leaders, however, appeared to be in no manner disturbed by the government action, and by their buying orders helped to rally prices during the last few minutes, July closing at $14.92 and August at $14.49, or about 11 to 14 points up from the low level of the day.

The indictment charges that the defendants "unlawfully did conspire with certain corporations not herein indicated to demand arbitrary, excessive and monopolistic prices for cotton." Firms in Alabama, Georgia, North Carolina and South Carolina are named as co-conspirators, though not included in the indictment.

A Chance to Make Money

Yes, elegant free homesteads can still be had in Mexico where many Americans are now locating. You need not go to Mexico, but are required to have five acres of fruit trees planted within five years. For information address the Jantha Plantation Co., Block 594, Pittsburg, Pa. They will plant and care for your trees on shares, so you should make a thousand dollars a year. It is never hot, never cold. The health conditions are perfect.

CABINET SEAT FOR LABOR

Committee in Favor of Creating a New Portfolio.

Washington, June 17.—The house committee on labor today decided to report favorably a bill creating a department of labor with a seat in the President's cabinet.

The bill was introduced by Representative Sulzer, of New York, but was redrafted by the committee. It has been endorsed by most of the labor unions, industrial organizations and similar associations of the country. A vigorous effort will be made to get the bill through the house before adjournment of the present session.

KEEPS THE FEUDS A-GOING

Jackson, Ky., June 20.—Asbury Spicer, a well-to-do farmer of Breathitt county and once a prominent figure in the Hargis feud, today shot and killed George Fugate, a tenant on Spicer's farm, and wounded Fugate's mother. The killing occurred out in the country and the first known of it was when Spicer telephoned that he had killed Fugate and shot Fugate's mother and was coming to Jackson to give himself up. Neither the extent of Mrs. Fugate's injuries nor the cause of the trouble is known.

Chronology of Roosevelt's Trip.

rch 23, 1909—Sailed from New York for Naples.
ril 6—Sailed from Naples for Mombasa, British East Africa.
ril 21—Arrived at Mombasa and received with honors by the provincial governor.
ril 22—Left Mombasa to begin the wild game hunt in the interior.
e 4—Arrived at Kijabe en route for the great Sotik district.
y 12—Arrived at Lake Naivasha on the return trip.
gust 9—Left Naivasha on march to Nyeri and the Kenya province, where he shot his first elephant.
tober 20—Returned to Naivasha.
tober 25—Left for Londiani, for a three weeks' shoot on the Guaso Nguisho plateau, where many lions, giraffe and other game were secured.
ember 7—Returned to Nairobi by rail.
ember 18—Left Nairobi for Lake Victoria Nyanza.
ember 20—Arrived at Entebbe, Uganda, by lake steamer. On this trip the American flag was flown for the first time on Africa's inland sea.
ember 21—Left on 23-mile automobile trip to Kampala.
ember 23—Left Kampala for Kisingo, where two elephants were secured.
uary 7, 1910—Left for Rhino camp and Wadelai, Belgian Congo.
ruary 4—Arrived at Nimule, Uganda.
ruary 7—Left Nimule for Gondokoro, a 100-mile march through unbroken jungle.
ruary 17—Arrived at Gondokoro, Upper Sudan.
ruary 26—Expedition broke up and porters returned to Uganda.
ruary 28—Roosevelt left Gondokoro via steamboat for Khartum, 800 miles distant.
rch 14—Arrived at Khartum and was joined by Mrs. Roosevelt and Miss Roosevelt.
rch 24—Arrived at Cairo and was given an enthusiastic reception.
rch 30—Sailed from Alexandria for Naples to begin tour of Europe.
ril 2—Arrived at Naples and was greeted by many American tourists.
ril 4—Arrived at Rome, where he was received by King Victor Emmanuel.
ril 7—Started with Mrs. Roosevelt on carriage drive through Northern Italy over same route they had followed on their honeymoon.
ril 8—Arrived at Genoa and passed the next few days at the villa of Mrs. Roosevelt's sister, Miss Carow, at Porto Maurizio.
ril 15—Arrived at Vienna, where the Emperor Francis Joseph made the distinctive visitor his guest.
ril 17—Arrived at Budapest, where he was enthusiastically received.
ril 21—Arrived at Paris, where he was received by President Fallieres and delivered an address at the Sorbonne.
ril 28—Visited Brussels and met King Albert.
ril 29—Visited The Hague.
y 3—Arrived at Copenhagen and was the guest of King Frederick.
y 4—Arrived at Christiania, where he delivered the Nobel address, outlining a plan for bringing about a world's peace.
y 7—Arrived at Stockholm, where he was received with high honors.
y 8—Arrived at Berlin, where much of the formality which was to have attended his visit was abandoned because of the death of King Edward. The emperor, however, found occasion to bestow upon Mr. Roosevelt many marks of his friendship.
y 16—Arrived in London, where he acted as official representative of the United States at the funeral of King Edward. Later he delivered several public addresses and received the freedom of the city of London and honorary degrees from Oxford and Cambridge universities.
e 10—Boarded the steamship Kaiserin Auguste Victoria at Southampton for the homeward voyage to New York.
e 13—Landed in New York.

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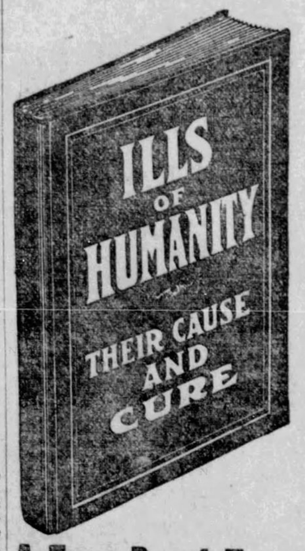

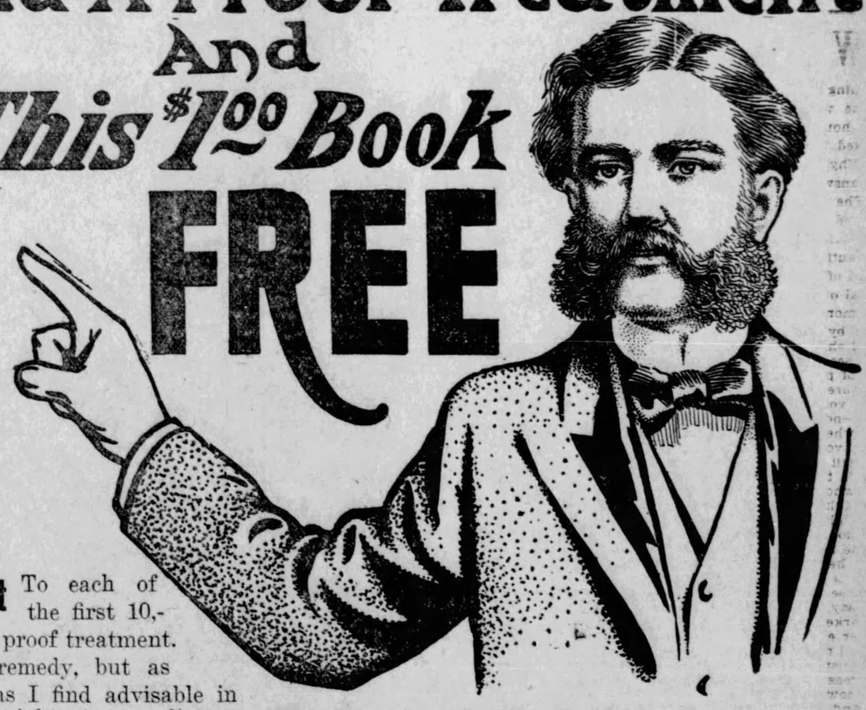

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RHEUMATISM	KIDNEY TROUBLE
LUMBAGO	BLADDER TROUBLE
ECZEMA	HEART DISEASE
SCROFULA	IMPURE BLOOD
CATARRH	FEMALE TROUBLE
DROPSY	TORPID LIVER
PILES	PARTIAL PARALYSIS
NEURALGIA	CHRONIC COUGH
DIARRHOEA	NERVOUSNESS
CONSTIPATION	PROSTATITIS
INDIGESTION	MALARIA
HEADACHE	PIMPLES
DIZZINESS	LUNG TROUBLE
EPILEPSY	ASTHMA

CUT OUT COUPON ON DOTTED LINES

SPRING TO MEET DEATH

Chinese Sailors on British Steamer Mutiny and Leap Overboard.

Philadelphia, June 17.—A mutiny on board the British steamship Highland Monarch, outward bound for Auckland, New Zealand, followed by a dash for liberty by a dozen Chinese members of the crew resulted in the drowning today of four and narrow escape from death of three others. The men rescued are in a police station while the remainder of the mutineers are in irons aboard the ship.

The trouble started last night. The Highland Monarch had been lying in the Schuylkill river at Point Breeze, in the extreme southwestern part of the city for three weeks, loading case oil for New Zealand. As the United States immigration law places a fine of $500 on the captain of a steamership for every Chinese member of a crew that escapes the 20 Chinamen aboard were not permitted to leave the vessel while the other 20 men in the crew, all Englishmen were given liberal shore leave.

The confinement grew irksome, and as the ship was to sail today one of the Mongolians asked First Mate Bowman last night to allow him a few hours on shore. Being refused, the Chinaman drew a knife and chased the first mate about the ship. The man was finally tripped by a white member of the crew and in falling cut himself. He was placed in irons and an hour later nearly all the Chinamen made a break for liberty. The Englishmen were on the watch, however, and a hand-to-hand fight followed, which resulted in the Chinese being overcome and forced back on the ship.

Shortly after 7 o'clock this morning the Highland Monarch got under way with the Chinese in the stoke hold firing the boilers. Suddenly as the steamship was passing through the daw at Penose Ferry bridge, a dozen Chinamen appeared above deck and without an instant's hesitation seven of them leaped overboard. Captain Woods, who was on the bridge, took the wheel, stopped the ship, and ordered a crew to man a boat. The whistle attracted the bridge tender, who threw the swimmers ropes, which they refused to catch. In te struggle for liberty the men had to fight the strong tide and four of them sank before reaching shallow water. The other three just managed to reach shore.

ITALIANS KIDNAP GIRL

Overpower Father and Carry Away Daughter Towards Detroit—Police Hunting Suspects.

Detroit, Mich., June 16.—Josephine Vomiera, 15-year-old daughter of Samuel Vomiera, of St. John street Ford City, was kidnaped last night by a party of armed Italians in a taxicab. Her father, who tried to protect her, was shot at and received a knife wound in his hand. The kidnappers exchanged a volley of shots with Marshall Oliver San Souci, and were last seen speeding through Ecorse toward Detroit.

It is not known that any one had been paying attention to the girl, and the affair is attributed to a feud. The girl's father says that he recognized Joseph and Tomaso Gotrosa, two Italians with whom he had trouble in the Michigan Alkali Works, in the party.

Vomiera and the Gotrosa brothers worked in the same department of the alkali works, and have had much trouble lately. Vomiera says they have made threats against him. Late Tuesday night, he says some one attempted to enter his house, but was driven off.

Last night, about 8 o'clock, a big taxicab or enclosed automobile, drove up near the house. Vomiera says there were at least a dozen Italians in it. They rushed up to the house, and one of them seized the girl, who was inside the door. Vomiera jumped for a revolver and struggled with the ruffians, but they got the girl to the automobile.

Vomiera was afraid to shoot into the crowd because of his daughter, but fired into the air. He was an struggle before the men got away one of them struck at Vomiera with a knife. He warded off the blow, and received a cut in the hand.

Marshal Oliver San Souci, of Ford, was at once notified, and tried to intercept the party as it sped toward Detroit. He fired several times, and several shots were fired in return. No one seemed to be hit. The automobile was seen going through Ecorse headed for this city, but news of the affair had not been circulated in time to stop them.

HIS FATE A MYSTERY

Nothing Can Be Learned of Young American Taken by Madriz.

Washington, June 17.—Despite the efforts of the United States, nothing is known regarding the fate of William Pittman, the young American who was captured by the Madriz forces several weeks ago. All endeavors to learn whether he is being held in a dungeon at Managua, or has suffered the fate of Cannon and Grace, the two Americans who were put to death by Estrada, have failed.

In an effort to determine the facts, the state department yesterday directed an inquiry to Consul Moffat. That immediate action will be taken to obtain Pittman's freedom or to avenge his death, has been determined, according to government officials.

Pittman was captured when the Nicaraguan forces stormed Bluefields Bluff. It was declared he laid the mines at that point, which cost the lives of scores of the Madriz troopers. Subsequent to his capture he was thrown into prison at Managua to await trial by court-martial. Since then nothing has been heard as to his fate.

Served in Boer War.

An adventurer and soldier of fortune, the life story of Pittman's 27 years, as told by his mother, reads like fiction. Before he was 16 he ran away from home to go to South Africa and join in the Boer war. After various wanderings he shipped at Glasgow on a tramp steamer, which had been sold to the British government as a transport, and went to South Africa as a mess boy.

He was not allowed to enlist, even when he reached South Africa, but as water boy he was at the front, and spent much time during the war trekking mules.

The Boer war over, he sailed on a tramp steamer for Australia, where he worked as a sheep herder, but it was not exciting enough, and he returned to America, landing on the west coast of Mexico.

Joins the Revolutionists.

A revolution was brewing in Venezuela and Pittman entered eagerly into the affair, taking sides with the revolutionists. This affair over, he obtained a place on the steamer Morro Castle, and there took out his first engineer's papers.

For a period of about five years the young man was employed in Panama canal construction work. Within a year he went to New Orleans and met General Gordon and Carlos Chamorro, son of General Chamorro, a leader in the Estrada army. He joined the insurgents in New Orleans and became an important factor in the revolutionary forces.

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The lace dress, whether of chantilly or other hand-run laces, will undoubtedly be a feature of the coming season.

As a rule afternoon hats are large, with wide, rolling brims, forming a most lovely background for the face.

Tell Your Troubles to McCormick Medical College, Chicago, Ill.

and receive **FREE** some practical advice that will enable you to get relief from "chronic" ills, often even after drugs and operations have not only failed but have done harm.

MALE HELP WANTED.

Government employes wanted, $600 to $1,500; examinations announced everywhere July 15S. Preparation free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. U 32, Rochester, N. Y.

MURDER MADE KNOWN

Blood Trickling to Baggage Room Floor Reveals Crime.

Portland, Ore., June 21.—The blunder of the murderers in wrongly routing a trunk sent to the Union Depot in this city was the means late yesterday of disclosing a ghastly murder. The victim is William A. Johnson, who with his wife and 7-year-old son, arrived here Monday morning in company with a man who went by the name of A. C. Powers. The party registered at a cheap North End hotel, "Powers" as coming from Nome, Alaska. The Johnsons did not give their residence.

Powers, whose real name is J. F. Webb, and Mrs. Johnson were arrested at an uptown lodging house early today. They were apprehended as they were returning from an automobile trip to a suburban resort. Both the man and woman denied all knowledge of the crime. Webb declared he saw Johnson last at the Union depot yesterday afternoon waiting for a train to go to Seattle. He asserted Johnson was intoxicated at the time. Nothing important was elicited from either.

On Webb's person was found two watches, one of which Mrs. Johnson identified as her husband's and two women's handkerchiefs, both bloodstained. One of Webb's hands was injured and bandaged. He carried an International Typographical Union card, issued by Vancouver, B. C., local No. 2226.

Blood Runs From Trunk.

Webb is believed to have operated in real estate in Seattle within the last few months. An ordinary looking trunk was received at the depot late in the day and ordered checked via the Oregon & Washington railroad to North Puyallup, a station not on that road. Shortly before 10 o'clock last night the trunk was taken to the platform. There the mistake was noticed, and it was sent back to the baggage room. A little later one of the baggagemen noticed a pool of blood, which had trickled from the trunk, broke it open and discovered the body of a man.

Investigation by the detectives disclosed the man's name, and a visit to the rooms occupied by him and his family resulted in the discovery that the mattress was saturated with blood and also that blood was spattered over many personal belongings of Johnson.

The detectives believe Johnson was drugged with alcohol, then struck over the temple with a black jack as he lay on the bed, next shot through the temple and finally to make death certain Johnson's negligee shirt had been twisted and tightly knotted about his neck. In "Power's" room a suit-case was found, containing a black jack clotted with blood.

Woman Had Large Sum.

According to the clerk of the hotel the trunk left the hotel about the middle of the afternoon. The clerk said he remembered the incident, because the porter commented on its weight after having carried it to the express wagon. A few minutes later, the clerk stated, Mrs. Johnson and her child left the hotel and did not return. About 6 o'clock "Powers" came down and after saying he was going out for a little while mentioned that the Johnson's would probably go to Seattle on a night train.

The sum of $1,900 in currency was found on Mrs. Johnson. The woman said her husband had recently sold a farm near Seattle and had entrusted the money to her for safe keeping.

SWEETHEART GETS ALL

Young Artist, Fatally Ill, Kills Himself.

New York, June 15.—Leon Guypon, well known as an artist and illustrator, shot himself through the head in his studio here yesterday and was found dead on the floor, a revolver by his side. H. C. Merrill, a close friend, explaining the tragedy, said that Guypon had been engaged to Miss Agnes Foster, daughter of a Boston banker, but had broken the engagement because of ill health. He suffered with heart trouble and had been told by physicians that he might die at any time. Today he could stand it no longer.

Before killing himself the young artist sent to his former fiancee in Boston a check for $7,212, "all the pennies I had saved," as he expressed it in a letter to his friend Merrill. In his letter to Merrill he wrote:

"Since I came back to New York, for no apparent reason my heart went all to pieces again. I told you it was my throat and my stomach. I suffer more than words can describe. No doctor can help me, and I fully realize that I am doomed. I do not want to poison her bright, happy life, yet I cannot live without her. I have fought manfully, but I am beaten. So there is but one honorable path open to me and I shall calmly step into it because my conscience is clear."

When a heavy envelope on a table near the body was opened, the artist's will, written in his own hand, was found. It said in part. "This is my last will: I am an orphan and have no blood relatives. After my death do not look for my money, as I have disposed of it. All my pictures and all my belongings I give to Agnes Foster, of No. 41 Winthrop street, Boston, Mass., and to Mr. Hiram C. Merrill, New York. They may divide them amicably between them or sell them, or give them to friends or do what they wish with them. I desire to be cremated and my ashes thrown to the four winds."

Receipt That Cures Weak Men -- Free

Send Name and Address Today —You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So I have determined to send a copy of the prescription, free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men, and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor-failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence, so that any man, anywhere, who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what I believe is the quickest-acting, restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so, cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 3968 Lack Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid receipt in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, free of charge.

TAFT FACES NEW FIGHT IN PARTY

Finds Ranks Are Broken on Postal Savings Bank Bill.

Washington, June 21.—On receiving information from the senate today that a filibuster there by some of the insurgents against the Postal Savings bank bill, President Taft decided to abandon his projected visit to New Haven, where he expected to see his son graduate from Yale tomorrow.

The President said he would remain in Washington to look after the legislation and that he would stay here all summer if necessary to get the postal bank measure through in satisfactory form. It is his desire that the house bill be adopted by the senate without amendment.

Early today he sent for several of the recalcitrant senators and had a long and earnest talk with them. The President is said to be thoroughly aroused over the situation. Several of the so-called "regular" Republicans in the senate, it was said today, had been discovered off the reservation in the final round upon the postal savings bank bill. This phase of the situation has particularly annoyed the President.

Reports which reached the White House this morning were to the effect that while the President was at New Haven tomorrow it was the intention of the senators to so amend the postal savings bank bill as to kill any chance of its passage by congress at this session. As soon as the President learned of this plan he directed Secretary Norton to cancel his trip to the Yale commencement and also to send for the senate leaders. The President was in fighting humor all morning and callers at the White House declared he was very forceible in his references to the senate situation.

The President for more than a year had been looking forward to this New Haven trip which was abandoned today. He said some time ago that he would allow nothing to interfere with his seeing his oldest son graduate from Yale. At first the President proposed spending three days at New Haven. The legislative situation last week was such, however, that he ordered the trip curtailed to one day. It was proposed that he leave Washington tonight and return on Thursday morning. The new developments in the senate, however, and the danger to the postal savings bank bill apparently took all thought of New Haven out of the President's mind.

The progress of the bill through congress has been fought every inch of the way. Powerful interests seemed to be at work against the measure. The President is said to understand this feature of the situation thoroughly and he believes he will be able to cope with it or at any rate let the country know by what subterfuges certain senators are seeking to justify their opposition to the bill.

HURRY CALL FOR CHUMS

Roosevelt Would Have All Those Rough Riders at Wedding.

New York, June 21.—Rough Riders, 42 in number, clad in their picturesque costume, saw Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., married to Miss Eleanor Butler Alexander at 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon in the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian church.

Col. Roosevelt decided that it would never do to leave his old comrades out in the cold at his eldest son's wedding. Accordingly he sent out a hurry call at the eleventh hour to as many as were still in town or could be found. The rookie sat in the gallery. When the colonel had taken his place with dignity he turned to look for them and when they waved at him, waved back with boyish freedom.

Long before the hour set for the wedding the neighborhood of the church was packed with curious humanity. A special detail of 100 policemen held them at a distance, to prevent their fingering the texture of the dresses of guests. Over the shoulders of the officers peeped milliners and dressmakers, notebooks in hand.

Old Soldier Escorts Bride.

Miss Alexander was escorted to the church by the same mounted officer, an old cavalryman of Spanish war days, who rode at the elbow of Theodore Roosevelt last Saturday in the land parade from the Battery to Central park; and when she came out as Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., he saw her safely to the reception given after the ceremony at the home of Mrs. Charles B. Alexander, an aunt of the bride.

At the ceremony bride and bridegroom knelt on white satin cushions for their responses. The bride's voice was inaudible, but young Roosevelt said "I do" with an emphasis that brought many smiles among the guests.

More beautiful floral decorations are not remembered at any of the brilliant weddings to which a sophisticated city has grown used. The bride walked to the altar down a lane walled with white roses and lilies of the valley. Each pew was outlined with roses on a background of feathery ferns. Pink rambler roses almost hid the organ. The pulpit was carpeted in roses. The pillars were wreathed in roses. Roses framed the windows.

Col. Roosevelt sat with his wife and their children, Quentin and Archie. Behind them sat Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, Mrs. Longworth wore a white chiffon gown, trimmed with black and pale yellow, with a big black and yellow hat and a profusion of jewelry. The bride wore a high necked gown of soft white satin and tulle, richly trimmed with duchesse lace, which had been worn by the bride's mother and grandmother at their weddings. Her train was three yards long and her veil fell to her waist.

The bride's mother, Mrs. Henry Addison Alexander, gave her away. The matron of honor was Mrs. Snowden A. Fahnestock, who was Miss Elizabeth Bertron until a few weeks ago, when Miss Alexander was maid of honor at her wedding. The bridesmaids were Miss Ethel Roosevelt, the bridegroom's sister; the Misses Harriet and Janetta Alexander, cousins of the bride, and Miss Jean Delano and Miss Jessie Millington-Drake. Kermit Roosevelt was the best man. The ushers were George Emlen Roosevelt and Monroe Douglas Robinson, cousins of the bridegroom, and George F. B. Roche, Hamilton Fish, Jr., Fulton Cutting, John W. Cutler, Grafton Chanman, Eliot Cutter and E. Morgan Gilbert.

The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Henry M. Sanders, greatuncle of the bride. While the guests assembled there was an hour of music by an orchestra of 50 pieces, all the selections for which were chosen by the bride, herself an accomplished musician.

Many Distinguished Guests.

Among the guests were Mrs. Russell Sage; Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Alexander, John Burroughs, the naturalist; Rear Admiral and Mrs. Cowles (Mrs. Cowles is a sister of Theodore Roosevelt), Mr. and Mrs. Douglass Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Alsop, Dr. and Mrs. J. A. Hartwell, Miss Jennie Crocker, of San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. Archibald S. Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Bertron, Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Roosevelt, Secretary Meyer, of the navy department, and Mrs. Meyer, Brayton Ives, Miss Martha McCook, Mayor Gaynor and Mrs. Gaynor, Gov. Hughes sent his regrets.

There were 600 presents to the bride, but her husband would not permit a list of them to be given out. Those acknowledged by the donors were a diamond medallion from Mrs. Russell Sage, a diamond tiara from Mrs. C. B. Alexander, a dozen silver plates from Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Carnegie, an imposing silver water pitcher from President Taft and a gold vanity mirror from Mrs. George J. Gould.

Puts Ban on Big Fight

GOV. J. N. GILLETTE, Of CALIFORNIA.

This is the man who has given boxing on the coast a blow from which it will never recover. Governor Gillette has gone on record against the Jeffries-Johnson fight for the championship of the world, which was to have been staged at San Francisco, July 4. The governor's attitude has driven the fight to Reno, Nevada. Vigorous opposition raised by the church element, desire for the Panama-Pacific Exposition, and possibly railroad opposition inspired the governor to act against the fighters.

BOOM HARMON FOR PRESIDENT

Governor Aids Ohio Democrats in Campaign for White House.

Dayton, June 21.—All the signboards pointing the way to the Democratic state convention, which will open here tonight, indicate that the delegates will nominate two candidates for governor and one candidate for president of the United States.

Judson Harmon will be officially nominated for governor, and this action on the part of the Ohio convention is likely to be tantamount to placing him in such direct line for the presidential nomination that the national convention in 1911 will be little more than a ratification meeting.

The nominee for lieutenant governor must be gubernatorial timber. This was talked energetically by the Harmon lieutenants to the delegates early on the ground who arrived last night and this morning. If Harmon should, by any possibility, be elected president, he would, of course, be compelled to resign his office as governor. He might even resign to make the campaign for President. Judge Alton S. Parker resigned his position on the bench of the New York court of appeals when he was nominated to head the national ticket.

MAY PLOW CORN FIELDS

Farmers in Northwest Are Discouraged.

Chicago, June 21.—Still no rain in the northwest. This was the burden of messages from the Dakotas and Minnesota today, and as a result the pit of the board of trade here fairly boiled with excitement. September wheat, which closed yesterday at 94½ cents, showed opening bids today ranging from 95 to 97¼ cents, the latter figure being an advance of 2¾ cents.

In the spring wheat country the weather was said to be scorching the fields, with the temperature averaging well over 90 degrees. Today's official weather forecast was not comforting to farmers. It promised light showers in Minnesota and "cloudy" for the Dakotas. A Minneapolis newspaper is quoted as stating that heavy general rains must fall within two days or growers will begin to plow under their crops.

A closing spurt, based on the fact that the trading came to an end without the needed rain, sent September to 98¼@98¾c and the close was at 97⅞@98c.

GIVES IN TO THIRST

Murderer Forced to Appeal for Water.

North Adams, Mass., June 16.—The maddening thirst, with which he suffered, drove Silas Phelps, slayer of Deputy Sheriff Emmett F. Haskins, to call at the Plum farm, four miles north of Monroe bridge, yesterday afternoon, for water and resulted in his capture. Nathan Tower, elderly and somewhat deaf was working in the field when Phelps, carrying his weapons, came to the edge of the field and called to Tower to bring him a drink of water. Phelps had been sought since Sunday.

Repeatedly the old man asked what was wanted in order that his nephew, Floyd Tower, might have time to run and notify the troops in camp at the Bailey farm. Tower had recognized the murderer instantly.

Guided by the lad, the soldiers deployed in skirmish order and surrounded the woods, in which Tower and his nephew indicated the hunted man was in hiding and where he had shown himself less than an hour before to beg for water.

In the vanguard of those who were searching at that immediate spot was Deputy Warden Shea, accompanied by Charles Thompson, of Briggsville and a member of Co. M. of Adams. Suddenly they came upon the quarry crouching. He was covered by both guns before he had time to realized that he had killed his last man. He hesitated for an instant when ordered to throw up his hands. Shea called to him that to move except to drop his gun and throw up his hands meant death. Then Phelps sullenly dropped his rifle, his courage—inspired by whisky—gone.

The capture was made less than two hours after the troops had first been notified that Phelps had been located and only a few hours after the reward of $500 had been offered for his capture by the selectmen of Charlemont.

HAS QUIET, HIGH NOOK

Roosevelt in a Dignified Suite of New York Office Rooms.

New York, June 21.—The offices established for Theodore Roosevelt in connection with his position as contributory editor of the Outlook are located on the seventh floor of the United Charities' building at Fourth avenue and 22nd street, and it is there that he will meet many of his friends in public life when he sees fit to come down from Oyster Bay.

The former President has a suite of three rooms, that reflect in their appointments the dignified tastes of their distinguished tenant. On the entrance door appears this legend in big gilt letters: "Office of Theodore Roosevelt." The suite comprises a room for Mr. Roosevelt's secretary, a room in which visitors will wait and Mr. Roosevelt's own room, large and airy, fronting on Fourth avenue. The walls are newly covered with bronze burlap. The furniture is of mahogany and the desk is a reproduction of George Washington's desk at Mount Vernon. A rich rug of tan, green and dull pink covers the polished parquetry of the floor. Pictures of Washington, Lincoln and a copy of the declaration of independence, written large in old English characters, hang on the bronze burlap. If it should prove that visitors are too insistent there is an auxiliary exit by which Editor Roosevelt may escape through a hidden hall to the street.

Mr. Roosevelt used the offices for the first time yesterday morning. Upon arrival in the city he went direct to his office and immediately plunged into the mountain of correspondence that has been accumulating for him. Two hours later he appeared on the street and was recognized by the crowds. Before he had walked over half a block westward toward Fifth avenue, he was followed by a throng that blocked the sidewalk. The sun was beating down with an intensity that made a top hat unendurable. The colonel plunged for a hatter's at a speed that made the crowd behind run to keep up. As he passed the offices of the publishing house that will bring out his forthcoming book on his hunting trip, he spied a tall portrait of himself, framed in red, white and blue. "That's a dandy, isn't it?" was his comment. A hatter was close by. It took the colonel just two minutes to buy a wide-brimmed straw hat with a black band. Then he footed it at the same amazing speed to his office again.

Has a Restful Day.

Oyster Bay, N. Y., June 21.—Theodore Roosevelt today is having the first day of absolute seclusion which he has declared that he must have. He had only one caller this morning, H. M. Hobson, secretary of the committee of the Hamilton Club of Chicago, which came east to attend the reception to Mr. Roosevelt on Saturday.

Mr. Hobson was the bearer of a letter from ex-Judge John H. Batten, of Chicago, vice president of the club, asking Colonel Roosevelt to receive the Chicagoans before they returned home tomorrow night. Mr. Roosevelt arranged a reception for them tomorrow morning at his editorial offices in New York. Later in the summer Colonel Roosevelt will go to Chicago as the guest of the Hamilton club, and will make a speech there. This probably will be the first speech that he will make.

This morning the colonel took his customary walk about his estate. So far as is known, he is to remain at Sagamore Hill all day.

BURN NEGRO AT STAKE

Mob Revenges Murder of a Young Woman.

Rusk, Tex., June 21.—Leonard Johnson, a negro charged with having killed Miss Maud Redding, near here yesterday was burned at the stake by a mob near the scene of the crime late last night. Sheriff Norwood and deputies were en route to Rusk with the negro when they were overpowered by a mob at Lone Star, near the home of the murdered woman.

Seizing the negro who pleaded for his life, the mob, composed of more than 100 men and boys dragged him a short distance from the town. There, it is said, he confessed that he had mistreated and murdered Miss Redding. The negro was tied to a stake and brushes were piled high around him. A torch was applied. Disregarding the pleading of Johnson the fire was fed until he was dead and partly incinerated.

Miss Redding had left her home to go to Lone Star. Later, her body with her throat cut was found in a wood a short distance from town.

TELLS OF FRAUDS

Postoffice Inspector Makes Charges Against United Wireless Officers.

New York, June 16.—That 28,000 stockholders have been decided by the promoters of the United Wireless Co., is the charge of the federal inspectors, who yesterday caused the arrest of the principal officers of the company. It is alleged that $400,000 assets have been inflated to $1,000,000,000 and that the promoters have cleaned up immense sums, one officer, it is alleged, clearing $5,000,000.

The men arrested were Christopher C. Wilson, the president; Samuel S. Bogart, vice president, and William Tompkins president of the New York selling agent. When arraigned before Commissioner Shields, Wilson was released on bonds of $25,000, and Bogart on bonds of $10,000. Each was charged with improper use of the mails. Tompkins will be arraigned today.

The United Wireless Telegraph Co. wsa incorpoated in Maine to unify wireles interests. It has authorized $10,000,000 in common stock and $10,000,000 in 7 per cent preferred and participating stock.

Charges Stock Manipulation.

Chief Postoffice Inspector Mayer in a statement charges the officers of the company with a gigantic stock manipulation plan, declaring that the stock capital of the company, whose assets were about $400,000 had been increased by an interchange of securities and that the price of these shares had been arbitrarily raised to such large amounts that the company at this time had an apparent stock market value of $1,000,000,000. Mayer says one of the officers has cleaned up $5,000,000. He says there are 28,000 stockholders throughout the country who have placed their money with the company on the representation of its officers that it had a surplus of nearly $7,000,000, when, as a matter of fact the company was failing to make its operating expenses. Mayer further states that the inside officers of the company were privileged to sell their stock, while outsiders were required to accept stock certificates stamped "Not transferrable until Februray 11, 1911."

The complainant named in the charge on which the arrests were made is Michael C. O'Brien, of Waterbury, Conn. The complaint alleges that the accused men entered into a scheme to defraud O'Brien and others by representing to them that the company had assets and patent rights worth $5,520,233; stocks and bonds in other companies worth $14,148,610; real estate worth $34,292, cash to the amount of $317,448, and surplus over assets of $6,528,329. All these representations, the complaint says, were false and fraudulent. It is charged also that they represented to the complainant that the value of the stock had been advancing for the last three years, whereas it had not advanced.

Won't Affect Business.

None of the men arrested had any explanations to make, but a statement was given out by C. C. Galbraith, general manager of the United, in which he says:

"The action of the federal authorities will in no way affect the commercial business of the company. The difficulties in which stock salesmen may involve any stock company through unauthorized statements are well known to every one who has ever been engaged in building up a business in which the sale of stock is a factor."

Arthur M. King, counsel for the United, said that for several months the Postoffice Department had been harassing the company here and elsewhere. He attributed the present prosecution to the discontent of certain stockholders who might have been unfairly treated by other stockholders. These latter stockholders had, however, no connection, he said, with the management of the company. He disowned responsibility for advertisements of stock, which, he said, had been put out by the New York Selling Agency, now defunct, over the protest of the United management.

"The charge," continued Mr. King, "is under the general statute regarding the use of the mails to defraud. The real significance of it lies in the allegation that Mr. Wilson and Mr. Bogart sold stocks which they held and made money by it. Why shouldn't they? The stock was theirs and they had bought it. Some of it they took for arrears in salary. A short time ago they voluntarily returned to the company 400,000 shares of their stock with a par value of $4,000,000."

BAPTISTS ARE MOBBED

Italians Think They Cause Earthquake.

Rome, June 17.—Details of the escape of a party of American Baptist clergymen from the hands of a superstitious mob at Avellona, at the time of the recent earthquake were laid before Premier Luzzatti yesterday by James P. Stuart, of St. Louis, who was sent by the American board of Baptist missions to Italy to investigate the Baptist mission in this country, and returned a few days ago from the province of Avellona.

Mr. Stuart reported to the premier that the situation in that district was serious, owing to the struggle between Catholics and Baptists.

On the night of the earthquake ne and his companions, he said, were brutally attacked. The populace seemed to attribute the earthquake to the presence of the Baptists, and a crowd, numbering into the thousands, set upon the Americans with the avowed intention of hanging them.

"The police officials," said Mr. Stuart, "wanted us to leave the province immediately and secretly, but this we refused to do, as the Italians would have said that we had fled and we would have lost all that we have already accomplished.

"Later, however, we took our departure according to arrangements, in a public manner, but we were guarded by 200 soldiers with guns and bayonets as a protection against the 5,000 or more persons who lined the streets, yelling, cursing and threatening us."

Premier Luzzatti urged upon Mr. Stuart the advisability of avoiding any retaliatory measures or any demonstration which would be likely to disturb the peace. He expressed the opinion that the action of the Italians was due more to their panic-stricken condition because of the earthquake than to any enmity against the Americans.

Mr. Stuart has decided to postpone his return to the district in order to allow the excitement to subside.

TAFT TO VISIT TENNESSEE

Will Attend an Exposition and the State Fair.

Washington, June 20.—President Taft today accepted an invitation to visit the Appalachian exposition at Knoxville, Tenn., the latter part of September. The day will be fixed later. The President on this trip will also visit the Tennessee state fair at Nashville.

RENO GETS BIG FIGHT

Jeffries-Johnson Go Will Be in the Nevada City

BULLETIN.

Reno, Nev., June 21.—It was decided today that the Jeffries-Johnson fight shall be held in Reno.

Ogden, Utah, June 21.—Gov. Dickerson, of Nevada, who is in Ogden today declared that he would not interfere with the Jeffries-Johnson fight.

San Francisco, June 21.—To all appearances the fight promoters have surrendered completely so far as California is concerned. Rickard, Gleason, Blot and the lesser promoters in San Francisco and the Los Angeles promoters, have ceased all effort of contesting the mandate of Governor Gillett in the courts. The governor has issued orders to stop bouts scheduled for the present month in Los Angeles, Shasta and Kern counties. The latter includes the Attell-Moran 10-round affair down for next Friday in Los Angeles. The last vestige of the proposed opposition to Gillett's position has seemingly died away and the fighting fraternity apparently have concluded that the game is dead in California during Gillett's term at least.

Jeffries will break camp at Ben Lomond this morning, will reach San Francisco this afternoon and start for Reno this evening. Johnson will probably not start for Nevada before Wednesday and possibly not until Thursday morning. The Ketchel-Langford match will be pulled off in Reno on the morning of July 4.

It is known here that strong pressure is being brought to bear to stop the fight in Nevada, but Governor Dickerson is said not to be averse to the fight and will not go out of his way to prevent it.

LAST BODY IS RECOVERED

All of Ill-Fated Pluviose's Crew Are Brought to Surface.

Calais, France, June 21.—The last body of the crew of the ill-fated French submarine Pluviose, sent to the bottom May 26 by collision with a channel steamer, was taken out of the sunken vessel today. The log book of the commander has been recovered. It contains a complete record of the submarine's last plunge. The final entry was made at 1:56 on the afternoon of the day the Pluviose was struck. Twenty-seven men perished.

KAISER ON WATER WAGON

Friends Angry Over Report of Alcohol Poisoning.

Berlin, June 21.—Great indignation has been aroused by the report that Dr. Doyen, of Paris, has stated that the kaiser's ailment is due to alcoholic poisoning. This, it is stated, is absolutely unfounded.

The emperor has always been strongly opposed to excessive beer drinking. During the last three years he has been a total abstainer, his favorite beverage being lemonade and other temperance drinks.

THE WEEK IN CONGRESS

Monday, June 13.—Senate—The senate today listened to a notable address by Senator Dolliver, of Iowa, in the form of a vigorous defense of the "insurgent" Republican and a reply to the criticisms of them by the President of the United States. The sundry civil bill, carrying appropriations aggregating $118,000,000, was passed by the senate. Bills amending the bankruptcy law and requiring land-grant railroads to survey their lands so as to render them amenable to taxation were passed.

House—The entire session of the house was devoted to political speeches delivered during the period permitted for general debate upon the deficiency bill. Representative Nye, Minnesota, spoke of optimism and patriotism as powerful factors in the nation at large, referring to the functions of party organizations in the government of the country. Representative Leever, of South Carolina, advocated legislation to prevent fictitious dealings in future sales of cotton. A defense of Attorney General Wickersham in his attitude toward the Philippine friar lands was made by Mr. Crumpacker, of Indiana.

Tuesday, June 14.—Senate—The conference report on the railroad bill was presented to the senate today. The senate divided its attention between the public land withdrawal bill and Senator Owens' motion discharging the committee on privileges and elections from the further consideration of the resolution providing for the election of United States senators by direct vote of the people. Action was taken upon neither of these measures. Speeches against the administration's conservation policy were made by Senators Hughes, of Colorado, and Heyburn, of Idaho.

House—The house also received the conference report on the railroad bill, but the greater part of the day was devoted to political speeches. Representative Randell, of Texas, created a sensation by moving that the house recall from the committee on the judiciary a bill to prohibit senators, representatives and judges from accepting gifts, compensation, etc., from railroad, telegraph and other similar corporations on the ground that Representative Parker, of New Jersey, chairman, and other members of the committee were accepting such gifts, and by so doing were disqualified from action on such a measure. Mr. Randell, seeking action on his motion as privileged, met opposition and the speaker sustained a point of order which prevented action upon it. This action was upheld by the house, 125 to 20.

Wednesday, June 15.—Senate—The public land withdrawal bill was passed by the senate after a debate upon that measure which covered the entire session. Just before adjournment the statehood bill was laid before the senate as the unfinished business. The land bill was so amended as to provide for the issuance of $30,000,000 worth of certificates of indebtedness with which to complete irrigation projects already in course of construction.

House—The bill providing for a new civil government for Porto Rico was passed by the house. This measure is planned to take the place of the Foraker act, under which the island is now governed, and provides for a more representative government than is administered under the present law.

Thursday, June 16.—Senate—After two and a half hours of consideration the senate today passed the bill granting state hood to Arizona and New Mexico. Upon the final passage of the bill a roll call developed a unanimous vote of 65 senators in favor of the measure.

The conference report on the railroad bill was taken up, but action was postponed until tomorrow. A number of minor bills, including many public building measures, were passed.

House—Consideration of the deficiency bill occupied the house. General debate was concluded and it was partly read for amendments. Mr. Humphrey, of Washington, spoke upon combinations by foreign steamship lines for the purpose of keeping up rates upon goods shipped from ports of the United States. He said the Standard Oil Co., the steel corporation and the harvester combine received preferential rates which destroyed competition with them.

Friday, June 17.—Senate—By a vote of 50 to 11 the senate today agreed to the conference report on the railroad bill. Before adjourning, the motion to concur in the house amendments to the postal savings bank bill was made the unfinished business.

House—The house concluded its session by adopting a new rule by which a majority of its membership may at any time recall from a committee any bill or resolution referred to it and place the measure upon the calendar for consideration. Advocates of this new rule claim that it will effectually prevent the pigeonholing of any proposed legislation which has the approval of a majority of the house. The adoption of the new rule was by a unanimous vote. The deficiency appropriation bill was under consideration during most of the session today, but was not disposed of.

Saturday, June 18.—Senate—The senate today discussed a motion by Senator Bristow to discharge the committee on the judiciary from the further consideration of the resolution providing for the election of United States senators by direct vote and a motion by Senator Carter to concur in the house amendments to the postal savings bank bill. Neither motion was acted on. The resolution authorizing an investigation of the charges made against Senator Lorimer, of Illinois, in connection with his election was reported favorably from the committee on privileges and elections and was referred to the committee on contingent expenses.

House—The house today finally disposed of the railroad bill and the bill granting statehood to Arizona and New Mexico, only the approval of the President being required to make them laws. Both of these administration measures received a practically unanimous vote. The general deficiency bill, appropriating nearly $6,000,000, was also passed.

THE MARKETS

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, June 21.—Another bulge in wheat values was recorded here today on reports of critical drouth conditions in the northwest. All lines were up and strong at the beginning, especially July and September. The latter made a gain of 2⅛ cents at the opening and held its advantage during the morning.

Telegraphic reports state that the sprin wheat belt has reached the stage where rain must come pretty quick, or the crop will be ruined. These reports, coupled with unfavorable news from European countries, are moving grain men to provide their stocks, and in consequence future trading was brisk today.

One authority wires from Minneapolis that the crop outlook is very bad all over the northwest. He estimates that 50,000,000 bushels have been cut off by the drouth.

Cash wheat was only slightly affected by the rise in values. It opened ½c up at $1.06, but quickly fell back to its former figure of 1.05½; July opened ⅞c up at .98c and rapidly advanced to .99⅝c. September at 99c was 2¼c up at 99c, remaining at that figure during the morning; December was 2⅜c up at $1.01 at the opening, but eased off to $1.00½ before noon.

All lines of wheat closed over $1.00, as follows: Cash, $1.06; July, $1.00⅛; September, $1.00½; December, $1.02½; June, $1.03.

Corn was dull, though it registered a gain in all lines of ½ cent, due to the bulge in wheat. July was 61½c at the opening; September 62½c; December 59¾c; May 61½. There was little change during the day. Closing prices were as follows: Cash, 62c; July, 61⅞c; September, 62¾c; December, 59¾c; May, 61¾c.

Oats were firm and higher. July was one cent up at 41c, and gained another half cent during the early trading; September at 39¾c gained 1½ cents, and December at 41c was up 1⅜c; May at 43c was 1¼c up, and remained at that figure during the day. Closing prices: Cash, 42c; July, 42c; September, 39⅞c; December, 41½c; May, 43c.

Clover seed was a trifle stronger, October and March registering a gain of 2½ cents at the opening. Cash was $6.90, October $6.76, December, $6.72½ and March $6.80. October and December gained 2½ cents during the morning.

Clover seed made big gains during the day on short coverings, due to dry weather. Closing prices: Cash, $7.20; October, $7.02½; December, $7.00; and March, $7.05.

TOLEDO.

	Open.	High.	Low.	June 21.	June 20
Wheat—				**Close—**	
Cash	1.06	1.06	1.03½	1.06	1.05½
July	98	99⅞	....	1.00⅛	97⅛
Sept	99	99¾	....	1.00½	98⅝
Dec	1.01	1.01⅝	....	1.02¼	98⅝
June	....	....	....	1.03	1.02½
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	62	61½
July	61½	....	....	61⅞	61⅛
Sept	62½	62⅝	....	62⅜	62
Dec	59¾	....	59½	59¾	58¼
May	61½	62	....	61⅜	61
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	42	41½
July	41	41½	....	42	40
Sept	39¾	....	39⅜	39¾	38¼
Dec	41	....	....	41½	39⅝
May	43	....	43	43	41¾
Clover Seed—					
Cash	6.90	....	....	7.20	6.90
Oct	6.75	7.02½	....	7.02½	6.72½
Dec	6.72½	7.02½	....	7.00	6.72½
March	6.80	7.07½	....	7.05	6.77½
Rye—					
No. 2	....	....	....	77	77
No. 3	....	....	....	74	74
Timothy—					
Prime	....	....	....	2.20	2.15
Alsike—					
Prime	....	....	....	7.40	7.25
Aug	....	....	....	7.85	7.75

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
July	96½	98⅞	....	98¼	96¾
Sept	95	98⅛	....	97⅛	94⅛
Dec	96	99	....	98⅞	95½
May	99	....	....	1.01½	97⅛
Corn—					
July	59¼	60	....	59	59¼
Dec	60⅝	61¾	....	61	58¾
Sept	59	59¼	58⅝	58¾	60¼
May	60¼	61⅝	....	61	60¼
Oats—					
July	40	....	39	39¾	38⅝
Sept	38¼	39¼	....	39¼	37⅞
Dec	39¼	40¼	....	40	37⅝
May	41⅝	42⅝	....	42⅝	40⅝

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
July	1.04	....	....	1.05⅛	1.02½
Sept	1.01⅛	....	....	1.04	1.00⅝

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
July	95	....	....	96¾	93¾
Sept	94	....	....	96¼	93⅛

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—					
July	....	....	....	1.12⅛	1.06⅜
Sept	....	....	....	1.03⅝	97⅝

DULUTH.

Wheat—					
July	1.08	....	....	1.11⅜	1.06⅜
Sept	1.02	....	....	1.04⅝	97⅝

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—					
July	23.70	23.85	23.60	23.70	23.65
Sept	22.90	22.95	22.67	22.70	22.90
Lard—					
July	12.55	....	12.42	12.45	12.50
Sept	12.50	12.62	12.47	12.50	12.57
Nov	11.85	....	11.80	11.85	11.92
Ribs—					
July	13.20	....	13.05	13.07	13.17
Sept	12.72	....	....	12.60	12.70
Oct	12.35	12.37	12.27	12.30	12.32

Money and Stocks.

New York, June 21.—(Wall Street)—Only feeble vibration of prices resulted from the scattered orders executed at the opening of the stock market today. Gains and losses were small, the grangers and trunk lines being amongst those showing declines. Minneapolis, St. Paul & Sault Ste. Marie declined 1. Ontario and Western rose ⅝.

The market became heavy, pressure against the St. Paul and the Hill